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WOMAN'S REVENGE;

OR, THE

TRIBUNAL OF BLOOD.

A ROMANCE.

By VEIT WEBER.

AUTHOR OF 'THE SORCERER,' 'BLACK VALLEY,' &c.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY J. CLEMENTS, LITTLE PULTENEY STREET,

FOR THE PROPRIETORS OF

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WOMAN'S REVENGE;

OR, THE TRIBUNAL OF BLOOD.

CHAPTER I.

In the heroic age of the Germanic empire, war and the chace were the sole occupations of the knight, warlike games and the tournament his only recreations. Ready and prepared was he to practise and support magnanimity, "to uphold every virtuous action, and more particularly thereto, one noble was commanded to welcome and receive another, kindly and without hazard, and all were taught to know each other as good men and friends in knightly honour."

The twelfth tournament article was to the knight as the ordinance of the Divinity; obedience to it gained him reputation on earth, honour and fame promised him the beatitude of heaven. State laws were made, through which "the poor as well as the rich might frequent the lists," and the caprices of fortune were not suffered to lame the strong arm of the least wealthy by tedious delay.

For near five hundred years, princes and knights gave tilts and tournaments; one of the most celebrated was the thirteenth held by the knights of the Rhine, at Worms, in the year 1209.

Great was the number of princes, knights, and nobles there assembled; seven days were passed in racing, running, foot-tilting, and sword-fighting.

Banquets and carousals crowned the evening of each brilliant day. The tables groaned beneath the weight of dishes; costly viands and wines delighted and satisfied the taste; the mass of gilded plate, the ostentatious cupboards loaded with gold and silver cans and beakers, delighted the eye; the minstrels and musicians charmed the ear; every sense was gratified.

The dance cheated sleep of his balmy rights, and the half-waking, intoxicating doze, which threw the giddy mortal on his couch, represented to him once more in a magic mirror, the picture of enjoyed pleasures.

These days of luxury, these nights of inebriation, however, passed away, and the greatest part of the princes, nobles, and knights, prepared for their return: the father wished again to be with his wife and children, the lover with his mistress: government cares recalled others home to prepare for war and battle.

For two days had the lovely Ida stood trembling on the mossy pinnacle of Felsenburg Anglaw, to meet the lord of her heart, the valiant knight Hartmuth count of Heldenstein. Did she behold in the rays of the morning sun the gleam of polished armour, saw she a plumed crest waving in the wind, her heart beat high in her proud bosom: for she supposed it was her lover.

The young count had been drawn to the tournament by the knight Gottfried of Anglaw, the uncle of Ida. He vowed when he took his leave, that before twelve days should elapse, he would return to her arms. Fourteen days were already past, yet he came not; melancholy forebodings clouded the heart of Ida.

Often had knights gone to tournaments in health, and returned home in sickness; often were bruised and broken limbs, or even death, the result of their contentions. All this Ida already thought, all this goaded on her apprehensions.

Her gloomy fancy already beheld the servants carry her Hartmuth on a bier, saw his death-pale countenance, his closed eyes, his stiff, cold limbs, saw all that a disturbed imagination can discover, that inconsolable affection can so vividly paint, and grieved so sadly that the roses

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withered on her cheek, affliction scared the smile from her dimpled mouth. But her love deceived her.

Count Hartmuth remained well satisfied at Worms, thought seldom of Ida, and never of his promise. From day to day he procrastinated his journey, and for ever placed new impediments in the way of Gottfried's wishes to return, till at last the latter pressed him to let the first sun-beam of the coming day be the signal of their departure.

"My niece will lay all the blame upon me," said Lord Gottfried to the count; "the lover can easily throw off the trifling suspicion that may lie at his door; a gentle pressure of the hand, a coaxing word, and he will be acquitted, and moreover obtain indulgence for new transgressions; but the uncle will be the sacrifice to the fury of Ida's sharp tongue. And you know, Hartmuth, I would rather offer my bosom to a two-edged sword, than my patience or my good fame to the tongue of a woman. In short, at sun-rise we mount our horses."

Hartmuth. My dapple-grey is lame, some lance splinters still remain in his withers.

Gottfried. Your page rode him yesterday, he leaped like a roe.

Hartmuth. And Wolf, my faithful dog, also. On Friday last, as we rode out from the lists, and he for the last time capered so joyfully to meet me, a horse kicked him, and the poor beast still lies moaning in the stable. It will be three days' journey before he is able to run.

Gottfried. And will you remain behind at the pleasure of a dog?

Hartmuth. At the pleasure of a friend most certainly! Without Wolf I depart not. He saved my life when I was attacked by Von Rauwart's servants in the murdering mill; without his continual barking I should have been struck to eternal sleep. And shall I now leave him in necessity? Never! Holloa, Attich!

Attich, Hartmuth's page, entered.

Hartmuth. How is Wolf?

Attich. As well as a healthy, jovial, mortal beast can be; he eats, capers about, barks——

Gottfried. Another difficulty removed; it is then determined, Hartmuth; in the morning with the first light. I will now summon our brothers in arms. Farewell till we meet again.

He went out.

Hartmuth. On my part eternally! You fool, you must also blab out everything.

Attich. It was the truth, your honour, that I must say. Shall I polish your worship's armour?

Hartmuth. No, booby, to-morrow I depart not.

Attich. So much the better; I would willingly stay a few days longer with my Gertrude.

Hartmuth. You have also here a mistress, Attich?

Attich. With your worship's permission.

Hartmuth. And do you know?

Attich. That I must well, noble knight.

Hartmuth. Indeed! And do you think to remain true?

Attich. With God, and with honour, and as long as you forbid it not.

Hartmuth. Attich, do you well remember what you were two years since?

Attich. Too well, worshipful lord knight. I was the miserable servant of a priest, had work and cudgelling in profusion, and at the same time so little to eat, that I often envied the right reverend lord's hounds, and then—but what further passed you shall never hear from me more. I should be unworthy if I ever began it.

Hartmuth. And then?

Attich. You gave the abbot a couple of beautiful hounds for me, which he longed much to have, and I became your bondsman. But you, dear, worthy, noble knight, gave me my liberty, but still I remain your bond-slave in my heart; and may I once be able to repay with gratitude the favours you have bestowed on me!

Hartmuth. If the time should now be arrived, Attich, would you prove yourself deserving of my benefits?

Attich. Then should I again experience the same delight as I did formerly, when I became a freeman. Speak, noble knight, what can I do to convince you that a good heart thrives under a poor page's frock?

Hartmuth. In the first place, secrecy.

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Attich. Shall I give you my hand thereon, noble knight? That is my oath, and I will keep it, as if taken before the altar, in the presence of an archbishop.

Hartmuth. I respect the oath. Give me your hand.

Attich. There, sir knight. A word, a word! a man, a man!

Hartmuth. And now hear, what I should have taken with me to the grave, could I but have quieted the agonizing beat of my heart, without medicine: I am in love.

Attich. Yes, with the lady Ida.

Hartmuth. No, with a maiden that I know not. On the first day of the tournament, as I was riding into the lists, a great uproar arose behind me. A citizen, who had perhaps ventured too near, was driven back by the guard with blows. He put himself on his defence; this the more enraged the guard, and he beat him most unmercifully. Suddenly a maiden pressed through the crowd, and threw herself at my feet:—"Mercy for my father, noble knight, cried she with a voice——

Attich. Yes, I heard it, I was hastening after you. The nightingale's notes are not half so sweet as were then the words of that maiden. You instantly commanded the guard to let go the man. That I know.

Hartmuth. And did you hear her thanks?

Attich. Yes, she spoke much, yet those I did not rightly comprehend; but what her eyes said, that I well understood. Heavens! noble knight, such eyes I never before saw! They sparkled like the resplendent star we have seen shining over Hohenaw, when we have passed the night abroad. She embraced your knees: it was then really all green, yellow, and blue, before my eyes: "If she should tear her lovely arms against the sharp-pointed armour," I thought, and had very near called out to her.

Hartmuth. Methinks, you praise the maiden with great warmth——

Attich. Ah! worshipful knight, you must be greatly in love with her, it is certain, that your jealousy should already misinterpret my praises. Be at peace, dear master; as long as Gertrude lives, I will remain true to her, and as long as I exist will I remain faithful to you. Now proceed, noble knight, if you please.

Hart. She touched my scarf, it is now sacred to me.

Attich. Again, another proof; I have myself well experienced how dear that was to me which had been touched by the maiden I loved. A gold embroidered surtout has not been so prized as the riband that before circled my beloved's waist. It is strange that both knight and servant should be in the same way. Love and death make us all equal. Yes, yes, you are very deeply in love with her.

Hartmuth. So deeply, Attich, that before I quit Worms she shall be mine.

Attich. But she is not a lady of birth, noble knight, therefore you must not marry her.

Hartmuth. Who can prevent me?

Attich. But your children——

Hartmuth. Will be the children of a good husband, and the best of wives.

Attich. But it is expressed in the code of chivalry, that no noble that weds a citizen shall be allowed to enter the lists.

Hartmuth. Then will I hold a tournament at my castle with my vassals and servants, and they that sneer will I answer with my sword.

Attich. Very true: but before we come to that, I must find out who she is, how she is called, and where she lives.

Hartmuth. Right, good Attich; yet before you do so, pack up my travelling things, and saddle my horse; we will sleep at another inn; but be careful that my servants trace me not. Make haste, and be secret.

Attich. As secret, noble knight, as a woman that knows nothing.—But, noble lord, the lady Ida?

Hartmuth. Not a word of her, Attich.

Attich. Yet I must say a great many!—Become not unworthy, noble lord. You have confided to me what laid at your heart, and had I not already been attached to you with body and soul, that would have made me your friend; for the man that I trust with my secrets must be my friend. Then I, for one, say, noble knight, the lady Ida should be your honourable wife: what would she now think if she knew you deserted her for a citizen's daughter?

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Hartmuth. Silence, Attich!

Attich. By my poor soul, sir knight, I cannot. I must speak out what I have at my heart, otherwise I could neither enjoy again meat, drink, nor sleep. Promise, you must have the noble lady, and sir knight, promise and hold——

Hartmuth. In the duty of knighthood——

Attich. Is good in young and old. The lady Ida is certainly proud and courtly, and has as high notions of her dignity as the abbot, my late master.

Hartmuth. And from the eyes of the burgher's daughter philanthropy beams so brightly.

Attich. Item, she is satirical, and drives all from her who address her, with her poignant wit.

Hartmuth. Meekness itself is my delight.

Attich. She never gives alms, is passionate, vindictive, and would often be a little devil to you.

Hartmuth. And wherefore should I not change her for an angel!

Attich. But still you must keep your word, so thinks Attich, and now he has said all he had to say.

Hartmuth. And clearly proved to me that he is unworthy of my confidence. Go, and discover to the Anglawer what I have confided to you; make me the derision, the sacrifice to his haughty niece. Go——

Attich. In the stable will I go, saddle your horse, and pack up your travelling clothes; in half an hour you may be ready to mount. The Golden Cross now is the inn that lies the most out of the way, there shall we be the most secure.

Attich departed.

CHAPTER II.

"The boy is right," said Hartmuth, throwing himself on a seat. "I must keep my word, and fulfil the wishes of a proud knight, who would have his niece a countess; must, to call a few more castles, a few more hillocks of land mine, sell myself to a wife that I love not. Prisons will my castles become, where my wife will put me on the rack; I shall hate my children, for Ida will bear them to me. Moreover, her jealousy will place spies over me, that will imbitter every pleasure; every drop of wine that I drink will become poison. Then will the wishes of my heart, the prized happiness of my life, be sacrificed, and death alone release me from the yoke that goads on a naked wound. In the arms of the lovely plebeian, heaven stands open to me, and should I blindly run into this hell, that Anglaw would become to me? Have I promised Ida to take her to wife? Was it not Gottfried that persuaded me thereto, that placed my hand in hers, as I stood mute before her. Then let him appease her. My resolution is fixed. Either the burgher's daughter shall be mine, or I am the last of my race."

And yet Hartmuth's determination was not fixed. For as an only son, as the last prop of the race of Heldenstein, was he brought up by his mother; she even took pains to instil it into him as a principle, that he might nourish and exercise every passion, for he could satisfy them all.

But his father taught him that vice was doubly deserving of detestation in a man of noble descent, and doubly amiable was it in him to be virtuous; that the recollection of having overcome a passion that could have been satisfied, produced more delight and peace of mind than its accomplishment.

On his death-bed he gave still some instructions, that his son should follow as he himself had followed them; and every time Hartmuth reflected thereon he remembered also the serene joyful look of his father on his death-bed, which to the son proved to conviction that the recollection alone of having fulfilled a duty could sweeten the bitterness of death. These paternal instructions and his own good heart Hartmuth had to thank, that he was as yet undetermined.

It is true, the enamoured youth resolved, but not the knight, to break his word given to a woman, even if he had only given it silently; this was the insurmountable rock, which he could not vault over; then also arose the idea, although he was not willing to confess it, that

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his children would be forbidden the lists, and that he should debase his progeny in the eyes of the world. Thus he wandered between determination and the contrary, like a pilgrim unacquainted with a cross road.

Attich returned.

"The horse is saddled," said he; "your travelling clothes are packed up, the landlord is paid, your servants are all safely housed at the Green Hunter and Chalice. You can now cross your saddle."

Hartmuth stood undetermined, and answered not.

Attich. Or shall we depart to-morrow morning for Anglaw?

Hartmuth was still silent.

Attich. Shall I unsaddle your steed?

"No," cried Hartmuth, "we will go to another inn. If I gain only time and rest for reflection, for consideration, still I shall have attained much."

He departed; Attich followed, muttering to himself, "My words have made a good impression; in future I will speak out plainly."

CHAPTER III.

At the inn, called the Golden Cross now, Count Hartmuth gave himself out as a knight, even just arrived; and who, on account of indisposition, intended to remain some days in Worms. He ordered a retired and private chamber to be prepared for him, and a pilgrim's robe to be made for Attich; thus dressed, he sent him out the next morning to discover the dwelling of his beloved plebeian maid.

As Lord Gottfried had chided the count for delaying his departure, he wondered not a little at his absence; yet he supposed he had rode on to Anglaw, and gave immediate orders for his march, in hopes to overtake him.

Attich's endeavours to find out the lovely burgher's daughter were at first without success. The whole day he wandered about Worms, and only at breakfast, on the following morning, was he allowed to relate his adventures to his master.

On the first mid-day Hartmouth appeared to hear the account without any great displeasure; merely a cold "So!" he replied to Attich's relation of his unceasing endeavours to attain his purpose.

In the evening his answer was—"Bad, very bad!"

The next day he doubted whether Attich had so busily troubled himself as he pretended, and even suspected that he had trifled away the greatest part of the time with his Gertrude, instead of concerning himself about the affairs of his master; and as he, the same evening, brought a like account, the count resolved to begin the search himself on the following morning.

All thoughts of Ida were nearly effaced from his soul, or, if he reflected on her it was greatly to her disadvantage, or he compared her with his lovely maid, whom his amorous fancy painted as a spotless mirror of virtue. In this mood, he imagined plans how he should find out his incognita, discover to her his affection, and at his castle to lead with her a pastoral and loving life.

The reflection on the rights of his children to be admitted to the tournament he deferred till he was blest with them. Though to excuse the breaking his word with Ida, he reflected that it was not himself, but Gottfried, that had given it to her; and if his father's instructions arose in his mind, he endeavoured to persuade himself that his father in this case would have acted just as he should do. To which was added, the pride of not abandoning an adventure once begun; and, by degrees, the love for his incognita became the despotic ruler of his heart and thoughts.

Attich durst not now utter a word; his master's humours grew so strange that he was driven out of the chamber if he once attempted to remind him of keeping his promise.

Everything went wrong with the knight; the wine no longer pleased his palate; he never once inquired after his favourite dapple gray. Wolf was driven back with blows when he fawned upon his master; and poor Attich was condemned to hear the reproach of ingratitude for doing nothing for the lord who had done so much for him.

Sleepless passed the nights, in threats and curses the day.

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CHAPTER IV.

On the third morning Attich returned to the inn sooner than usual; he found his master still in bed.

"Now, noble knight," began Attich, "to-day I have had some luck; I have gained——"

"What?" demanded Hartmuth, springing hastily up.

Attich. This twopenny piece.

Hartmuth. How does that concern me? I sent you not out to beg alms, but to bring me back the happiness of my life. Keep your present to yourself, ungrateful boy.

Att. Softly, noble knight! Do you know from whose hand I received this twopenny piece? It was even a small lovely hand, smooth and soft as the neck of a dove, and as white as a lily; and a voice sounded from beneath the veil, that concealed the face of my benefactress, that I could have sworn it was the citizen's daughter, with the nightingale's voice.

"What!" cried Hartmuth, throwing his arms around, hugging and kissing his page—"you have found her? Where does she live? What is her name? Who is she?"

Att. Hand and voice I found; the face I could not see; the veil concealed it.

Hart. The cursed veil!

Att. So also thought I. But I must tell you all in order. As I was passing by the cathedral I beheld in the burial ground a female form in earnest conversation with a monk. I thought that I had once before heard such a voice; I immediately approached them.

Hart. Now?

Att. And said, lovely wife, an alms for a poor pilgrim. At this the monk laughed and said, "He makes you a wife before you have a husband." Good, thought I, the monk must well know her connexions, and she is certainly unmarried. I have already two articles of news for my knight.—But, your worship, what is the matter with you? Wherefore do you throw off your doublet, and tie your long handsome hair in a knot? Wherefore do you tear the feather from your cap?

Hart. I must instantly go there, Attich, and see if it is she; make haste on with your page's coat.

Att. Immediately! Now have you certainly not heard what I have been relating to you.

Hart. Why have I not? I know all. She also looked kindly at you.

Att. Yes, you have most attentively listened! Could I possibly see through the thick-woven veil?

Part. Sure. Where is the brown juice that the hermit gave me?

Att. Wherefore is it necessary to discolour your face?—she has never yet seen it.

Hart. True, again; proceed in your story.

Att. She drew her purse from her pocket, and gave me this twopenny piece.

Hart. Give it to me; I will give you a couple of florins for it.

Att. It is yours—"Good pilgrim!" said she; "accept this trifle, and if it gladdens you, drink a cup of wine to the health of the giver."—She departed with the monk.

Hart. Away, Attich; we will after her.

Att. Undoubtedly. I followed her at a distance, and saw her enter the house of an armourer.

"An armourer?" cried Hartmuth.—"Excellent!

He ran instantly into the next room, took down an armlet, and trod upon it till it broke.

"He shall repair this brasset for me," said he. "Come, dearest, best Attich!"

Att. But, Sir Knight, look a little in the glass. You would personate the page of a knight, would you not?

Hart. That I would, and what have you to say against my disguise?

Att. Only that you are the first page that ever wore a gold chain round the neck.

Hart. Anything more? and he threw off the chain.

Att. Pointed shoes we also do not wear, your worship; I would take them off, were I you.

Hart. Well, let it be so.—Now! come! He drew away the page with him, who thought to himself,—"This will be pretty sport; if you betray not yourself before you have spoken a word, then will I never kiss a maid again."

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CHAPTER V.

Veit Goldinger, the armourer, whom Hartmuth was going to honour with a visit, on account of his lovely daughter, was a very extraordinary man.

His way of thinking, which is generally the effect of education, accidentally very good, without having had much pains bestowed thereon. Moreover, the education of his time consisted, not as now, in breaking the heads of the ignorant with learning.

The youth of the noblest race was taught no more than to repeat his Credo, his Paternoster, and Ave Maria, without understanding them; to ride well, and to be perfect in the exercise of the sword and lance; to support the beauty of women, and to empty a double chalice at a draught.

Was he thoroughly acquainted with the twelfth article in the code of chivalry? The foundation was for ever laid on which the firm building of German courage and unshaken virtue could be securely raised.

The German citizen required still less: he knew, from the ten commandments, that theft, murder, false swearing, and oath-breaking, were sins; that to give alms to the monks, and to assist man when in danger, was his duty, even often his virtue; and above all, to blindly follow his confessor; then he found a safe road to the gates of heaven, however darkly ignorant might be his understanding.

The monk required even much less; had a quick memory to learn by rote Latin prayers and psalms, a good voice to sing them, a knack of reading miserably and writing worse, and docility enough to obey his superiors as a child; then had the Holy Ghost with his own hand anointed him for a monk.

It was by mere accident then that Veit conceived an affection for the virtue with which he was acquainted, and through which he acquired the friendship and love of all his acquaintance.

It is true every one added a proviso, that notwithstanding Veit was so good a man, they would rather live at enmity with the devil himself, than have to do with Veit; but this was the case even with every one who raised his anger, and what man is there without hasty passions?

The pride of knights and nobles, their contempt for every citizen, the high prerogative that formerly belonged to them, the erroneous opinions of many, who glimmered paler than the gold in their coats of arms when they had any intercourse with the plebeian pack, had made him their bitterest enemy.

"What are they more?" he would say to Paul Diestel, the shoemaker, poet and master singer. "The heavenly Father made them on a working day as well as us; from clay he made all the children of men, he put not the best hearts under their ribs, nor gave to their brainpans more understanding. In the garden of Paradise no night broke a lance with the devil, nor fought with the angel that guarded the door

When Adam hoed and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

"Why should they call themselves so and so by the grace of God, whereas to not one of them has the Lord God spoken? You must allow me, that riding, jesting, and fencing are of no great account; that foot and fist stand us in as much service. And to walk as if they would brush the heavens with their helmet plumes, and step over the globe with the feet, and to turn and wind the body as if the street was too narrow for them, why, that we can do as well as they. Therefore, neighbour Diestel, I say, that plebeian honour consists in industry and honesty, in a man's living peaceably and in friendship with his neighbours, educating his children in fear and reverence; and knightly honour consists in gormandizing, guzzling, and plundering—in riding, fencing, and strutting. Which is the best man, neighbour, the earner or the consumer? The citizen earns, the nobleman consumes."

"But a dependant like me," humble neighbour Diestel would interrupt.

Veit. I know what you would say, neighbour, that he has become a dependant who violently thrust his elbow to press through and approach the prince, whom all the nobles saluted that surrounded him, and whom the most gracious emperor Philip once called, my dear worthy

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master, and ordered him to make for him a pair of shoes and a dozen of rhimes; which he has so often related to me, that I must have been a blockhead to have forgotten it. But I say, that was much for him, but nothing for me; and let him willingly play the sluggard, I will willingly work; he chews dainties, I eat plain ordinary fare; he willingly stoops, I not. To depend on a great lord in the hour of necessity is even as unwise as to hold by a willow twig when a wild horse runs away with you; both are equally smooth and ductile, there is no support in either.

Master Paul. Not so, neighbour; to me a great lord is as a wall of rock, before which the wild horse must stop, for he can go no farther.

Veit. Yes, and against which you and your horse may get a bloody mouth and nose, and even your sculls battered.

Thus thought Veit of the assistance of the great, and he always endeavoured to so act as to require it not.

The rules for his life were certain sentences, that he inherited from his grandfather and accurately followed: when he conscientiously followed the commands of his magistrate and confessor, but at home he made his remarks thereon. "For," said he, "obey I must, or wherefore am I a subject? But having obeyed, so must I reflect thereon, or wherefore have I a human understanding?"

His children and domestics he kept industriously to prayers and psalms, for they brought, thought he, a blessing on the house. He believed in spirits, had great faith in forewarnings and omens, and sat with pleasure during the twilight of the evening, in a circle of his children, neighbours, and servants, to hear from them tales and ghostly stories, and to relate them himself.

When the evening closed in, and he had taken his repast, and sung a vesper hymn with his household, he went to the hostelry, and there generally dipped so deep in religious and political controversy, that he seldom took note of how many cans of beer he swallowed, and generally returned home drunk. Then had his neighbour Paul, who always accompanied him, the strictest command to carry him immediately to bed, that he might not give scandal to his children and servants, and lose the respect of his household.

He had two children, a son and a daughter. Erdman, the son, was a monk, of whom the father was not a little proud, for he could read and write. Elsemuth, the daughter, was a lovely, good, and modest maiden. Many knights beheld her with desire; and when she went to mass, followed her, and heard not the priest, they were so completely occupied in watching the expressions of her lovely countenance.

Her mind was gentle, but somewhat weak. That she was beautiful she appeared not to know, but she prided herself that she could both write and read. These she had learnt from her brother, who had given her a written Bible, which she, with some historical books, had industriously read to the old man.

These accomplishments made her somewhat haughty, and were often the reason that she was dull and tiresome in the company of her playmates. An old aunt's prophecy, that she would one day become the wife of a knight, had completely turned her head.

But openly she durst not mention her belief; for even dearly as Veit loved her, he kept her under rigid discipline, because, said he, as the Hamburg and Nierenstein beer prevailed, there have been many examples of daughters, lovely in face and pliant in tongue, suffering themselves to be seduced to commit follies, merely to anger their fathers. And to get rid of this dangerous prospect, he was taking great pains to find out a son-in-law, who could carry on his business.

Master Paul Diestel was a man who knew so many merry tales, jokes, and farces, that he could keep a company of the most serious knights a whole day long in floods of laughter; who, for a smile from a prince, or knight more particularly, in a public place, would have given one of the joints of his finger; whose honest countenance procured him admission to all men, and he made such good use of this pass, that he slid into every secret, and everywhere played the confidant.

To young wives, who found their time hang heavy on their hands during the absence of their husbands, his robust frame recommended him as a companion, poet, and shoemaker. The services he did them he generally was accustomed to blaze in tippling houses, and to boast of enjoyed as well as unenjoyed favours; and often did his ribs expiate for the babble of his tongue.

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The secrets of his dearest friend he would expose for a supper; and he that gave him a dinner to-day, was sure in the morning of gaining the title of his bosom friend.

This dear man courted Elsemuth, but everything was against him. Veit, it is true, only cavilled that he was not an armourer, and was too supple in his manners; but Elsemuth and Erdmann detested him, and tried all in their power to talk him out of Veit's friendship, that the aunt's prophecy might not be destroyed through a shoemaker.

CHAPTER VI.

When Hartmuth sounded at the door of Goldinger's house aloud—"Good morrow!" Veit was seated at dinner with neighbour Paul, his daughter, and his household. On one side of the chamber there was a long table, fastened up against the wall, which was let down when the family took their meals. Strong and nourishing viands covered the table. In the middle stood a large can of beer, out of which drank both master and man, daughter and maid.

Veit was on the point of proving to neighbour Diestel that Ebub, the king of the Meabites, who slew Eglon with a two-edged sword, must have had an excellent armourer, when Hartmuth a second time hallooed from without.

"Go, see, Elsemuth," said Veit, "who is there." Elsemuth rose, and opened the door.

When Count Hartmuth beheld her, a mist came before his eyes; the whole house turned round him in a circle; he stammered out good day after another, and showed her, at the same time, the broken armlet.

"You would, without doubt, speak with my father, good friend?" asked Elsemuth.

"Yes, yes, your father," stammered Hartmuth.

Veit called from the chamber—"Come nearer, good friend."

Elsemuth let him in. As he passed by her, he touched her arm with his hand; it thrilled through every limb; his eyes sparkled with joy.

"A salutation from my knight!" he began, as he entered the chamber, and at the same time fixing his eyes on the lovely Elsemuth—"he has broken this armlet."

Veit. Here am I, good friend; my girl cannot repair what your knight has broken; look at me; have you anything further to command?

With infinite difficulty Hartmuth turned to Veit, and began stammering his speech again; but when he came to the words, broken armlet, Elsemuth said something to Master Paul; the count then quickly turned to Elsemuth, and stood with open mouth and staring eyes.

Veit. Aye, so I see! Why do you gape so at the girl? Am I to still further break the armlet, or repair it?

Hartmuth. Repair it; and when it is ready——

Veit. Is it in haste?

Hartmuth. Yes; we shall quit the city within fourteen days.

Veit. In that time I could repair a great deal, your knight, and even yourself. Have you anything more to bring forth?

A long advancing "no" pressed with difficulty through Hartmuth's throat.

Veit. Well, then, you can come again for the brasset in the morning. Yes, neighbour Diestel, I say; it is difficult to forge a two-edged sword; for...But what do you stand still there for? Can you not find the door? Show it him then, Elsemuth.

Elsemuth opened the door, and Hartmuth went out backwards.

CHAPTER VII.

Scarce was Hartmuth in the street, when he called to his page.

"It is she! It is she! I have touched her arm."

Attich had great difficulty to keep him silent, and to draw him to his inn.

Scarce had they entered the apartment, when Hartmuth began again to extol his lucky planet that led him to Elsemuth; related three or four times over, with poetical exaggeration, how well he had performed his part, praised Elsemuth's beauty in every thesis, broke off in the middle, then began again.

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Whilst he was busying himself in painting the picture of his happiness with variegated colours, some one knocked at the door; Attich opened it, and Master Diestel came in.

"It greatly rejoices me," he began, "that I have the good fortune to see your most noble grace still here."

Att. Do you see ghosts, good friend? Neither I nor Reinfried are his noble grace, but knight's pages; and our knight, who is not at home, is only his honour's grace.

Master Paul. Not so, my friend, it is not so easy to throw sand in the eyes of Master Paul Diestel; I have been at court; his most gracious majesty, the Emperor Philip, has called me dear, worthy master; and what lies here under this rugged hair—he pointed to his forehead—will not allow itself to be easily deceived. The poetical vein, your most noble grace, is even a very valuable thing; it is like a divining wand.

Att. Will you make us sport, Master Paul, till our master's return? It will be very pleasant to us. I will get you a chair, and bring you a mug of beer; you shall make us some rhymes; recollect some.

Master Paul. I must, with all due submission, entreat your most illustrious grace to order this your page to hold his tongue.

Lord Hartmuth, who had been walking backwards and forwards in the greatest disturbance, now began.

"But really you are in error, master, when you take me for a count."

Master Paul. Then must many princes, knights, and nobles, also have been in error, when they called you at the tournament carousals the Knight Hartmuth, Count of Heldenstein. I was also present. Now answer, your most illustrious grace, when you asked the Duke of Bohemia, "who had made his shoes?" Then I replied in nearly the following words: These my hands, which had the honour to make a pair of shoes for his most gracious majesty the Emperor Philip, had the good fortune also to be fabricator of these coverings for the feet of my most gracious lord duke. And your illustrious grace and my lord duke laughed most graciously thereat.

Att. Odds, Reinfried, have you spoken with the Duke of Bohemia?

Hart. It must have been in a dream then.

Master Paul. Was that also in a dream, what your illustrious grace a short time since said to my neighbour, Veit Goldinger the armourer? I must confess that your illustrious grace performs your part much better here than you did there; but this is the difference, here the lovely virgin Elsemuth is not, who there so confused your illustrious grace.

"Damned fox!" cried Attich, springing up, bolting the door, seizing the leg of a joint stool, and going up to Master Deistel. "If thou, thou rugged master-singer, do not instantly swear, by all that's sacred, never to speak a word to any man about my master, then will I so batter your brains that you shall never make another doggerel rhyme, or Wolf shall so hug, that you——"

"Let him alone, Attich!" said Hartmuth, placing himself before Diestel, who had screwed himself up together in a corner like a hedgehog. "Attend, master; five florins are yours if you will promise to be silent."

Master Paul (stammering). I never once dreamt of betraying your illustrious grace.

Att. It is, then, your good fortune, but——

Hart. Silence, Attich!

Master Paul. Could I foresee it was a crime to remember an old acquaintance?

Hart. You are right, master, but now only secrecy.

Master Paul. From this moment is it sworn, that I whom his most gracious majesty the Emperor Philip called——

Hart. Will speak not a word to any man.

Master Paul. Not to one of God's creatures! But to neighbour Goldinger——

Att. Do you wish for once to have a taste of Wolf's teeth, Mr Master-singer?

Master Paul. Well, well—I will not speak a syllable to Master Paul, not even to the lady Ida of Anglaw.

Hart. What? Are you in alliance with the evil spirit, that you are thus acquainted with everything?

Master Paul. Oh, certainly not, for then should I soon decorate the flaming pile. That I also learnt at the banquets, where I often attended, as I have before said. There the assembled

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knights and nobles drank to the health of your beautiful mistress, the Lady Ida of Anglaw. Now, your illustrious grace, the five florins?

Hart. Are yours, and five to that, if you will procure me an acquaintance with Goldinger.

Master Paul. A difficult, Herculean labour; for, pro primo, I myself am the lover of Elsemuth.

Hart. You?

Master Paul. Yes, your illustrious grace, and they appear not adverse to me; for a man of my head, and acquaintance with princes and nobles, is not to be looked ascant at, as your illustrious grace may please to do.

Att. Master Paul——

Master Paul. And may have a good right so to do, as you know not my—my extraordinary merit; and pro secundo, neighbour Veit is a man who would as soon throttle his daughter as give her to a knight.

Hart. But can we find no loop-hole?

Master Paul. A loop-hole? Hardly. At least, it will be a very steep and dangerous one.

Hart. Well and good. To love no path is dangerous. At the nod of my mistress I would overleap gulfs, and swim through seas.

Master Paul. On that account I should not even give up my pretensions, as love makes a man so courageous.

Att. (Pointing to the leg of the joint stool.) But weighty reasons!—

Master Paul. Demand mature reflection.

Hart. And when they are accompanied with golden florins—

Master Paul. Speedy comprehension, and hearty thanks.

Hart. Only you comprehend, the gold shall not be wanting.

Master Paul. My fingers are ductile, your illustrious excellence, and accustomed to courtly service. Consequently, if I withdraw my claims—

Hart. Master, dear master, if you will do that!—

Master Paul. Then must I still have a golden bandage for the wound made through my amorous heart.

Hart. I will cover it with golden ducats.

Master Paul. Then will it soon be healed.

Att. Not so; gold agrees not with green wounds.

Master Paul. Would you instruct me, friend, in the art of curing wounds? The heart of a poet resembles a bee-hive; every petty misfortune as a cell therein. A master singer is like a piece of flayed flesh, the blowing flies of every kind can lay their eggs therein; and therefore I will procure for your illustrious excellence an admission to the house of neighbour Goldinger.

Hart. Ten golden florins are yours.

Master Paul. But that to begin with! It will be more difficult than fasting to a monk, than to wean a maiden from her looking glass, a drunkard from reeling, yes, more difficult than to find a rhyme to the word hyssop. Yet it is scarce seven days since I brooded more than four hours thereon. The virtue of the beautiful virgin Elsemuth I compared to all the flowers, roots, and powders, and wished to draw an image of her humility from the little herb hyssop. For I also said—

"In humility you are like pretty humble hyssop."

And I could not find a rhyme; she possessed everything in abundance to the poet's eye, modesty like the maid in love, and sincerity like a priest; but I was obliged to abandon the thought, beautiful as it was; the treasury of my brain was desolate and empty, notwithstanding had I but sharpened my wit with a mug of wine—

Hart. That you shall also not want, master, if you can then meditate more to the purpose. A mug of wine, Attich.

Attich went out; Master Paul walked up and down the chamber, with his forefingers placed to his copper nose, and made grimaces as if he was calculating the arrival of the last day.

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The wise was brought; Diestel understood to perfection the art of seeking for wisdom at the bottom of an empty jug.

"That will not do," he muttered several times to himself and drank.

The more he drank, the more brilliant his nose, the smaller became his pig's eyes; and the more anxious the count to hear his wisdom.

At last he cut a caper, and made a face as if he beheld his own image on the altar of eternity, and squeaked out,—"I have it! I have it!"

Hartmuth. Now for it!

Master Paul. Of your excellence—*of*, and *hyssop* rhyme most excellently.

> "In humility you are like pretty humble hyssop.
> Tho' small is the plant, great's my praise you of."

Attich. Holloa! Wolf! Wolf! here's work for you.

Hartmuth. Go to the devil! Diestel! Put me not in a passion: I do not now want your rhimes, but your advice.

Master Paul. I have also a most excellent device. Suppose your excellence and your page—yes, and your page—pass yourselves for journeymen armourers, and go and work with neighbour Veit.

Hartmuth. But, Master Paul, I know not how even to forge a nail.

Master Paul. No matter, you will soon find out the way.

Attich. I understand something of the business; a brave knight's page must become a knight and armourer, and a surgeon. But apprentices' indentures!—

Master Paul. Must be made out. I will write them myself. I will purloin neighbour Veit's indentures, and copy yours from them.

Attich. You are certainly a most complete villain, Master Paul.

Hartmuth. Be silent, Attich! You will also write the indentures, master?

Master Paul. Aye, that will I do even this very day. But I must say to your illustrious excellence, that I have before this been known throughout Worms as a very honest, incorruptible man.

Attich. Of that will your children at least one day doubt.

Master Paul. My friend, you are very impertinent.

Hartmuth. Silence, Attich. Wherefore this defence when there is no accusation?

Master Paul. From certain ladies I have learnt the maxim of being paid beforehand.

Hartmuth. I understand you. Attich, you have still gold at hand; give Master Diestel five florins.

Attich. There, master, but on the condition that you are silent.

Master Paul. Have you not put a golden bridle on my tongue? You will find me manageable. Farewell, your excellence, till a joyful meeting. What a lucky day, to find twenty golden florins, and a rhime to the word Hyssop! And he reeled out of the chamber.

Attich. Then was the gracious emperor Philip in a most terrible error, when he called you worthy! I longed much to set Wolf at him.

Hartmuth. And have ruined all. Diestel's knavery is now more profitable to me than your honesty.

Attich. Very true, noble knight; I will also take the liberty of saying, an honest fellow is not fit for everything. Must also your faithful Attich see you girdled with a leather apron, with sooty face, with a hammer in that hand which so bravely wields the sword of knighthood, to court a plebeian maid? Sir Knight, I can go no further: things that cannot be got possession of in a straightforward way, should be rather left alone. And this appears to me to be as much like roguery as I am like a man.

Hartmuth. Attich, it is now two years since I gave you your freedom; you are no longer bound to me; go wherever you please.

Attich. But, worshipful knight——

Hartmuth. Away, for your services freedom is your reward. Away! Leave me!

Attich. Not with life. As long as I have breath I will not stir from you. Let me remain; I will be as dumb as if I had found a hidden treasure.

Hartmuth. I am weary of your reproofs.

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Attich. And yet I make them to you from a good heart, but I will do so no more. Then Attich remains with his beloved master? What shall I now execute?

Hartmuth. Take my gold ring, mount your horse, and hasten to Hohenaw; give the intendant the ring, and demand from him a hundred florins, in my name; tell him I am summoned to a combat, and that it will be three months before I shall return, and that I recommend to him the care of the castle. Make haste, that you may be here again on Saturday evening.

Attich. Good, dear knight; but——

Hartmuth. Attich, thy cursed buts will not restore thee to my confidence.

Attich. This but will surely not deprive me of it, your worship; this shall only ask so much if my good knight is tired of his Attich, and takes this means to get rid of him? Noble knight, if you reject me, I am an orphan.

Hart. Foolish boy. By the word of a knight, I promise you not to stir from this inn till your return.

Att. Now I am satisfied. Farewell till Saturday, dear, worthy knight; before the last day of this week beams upon you, you shall see me again.

CHAPTER VIII.

During the time that Attich was gone for the money, the count lulled the pride of knighthood asleep through hymns of love, and Master Paul stole Veit's indentures.

Very easy was it to the master singer to outwit worthy Veit, who judged of others by the scale of his own honesty, and never locked his secrets or wealth from his children, neighbours, or acquaintance, for he regarded them all as his friends. Moreover he had a high opinion of Master Paul, and of his integrity; for, after Veit's way of arguing, it could not be conceived that a man who eat of his bread, and drank out of the same mug, could ever deceive him.

When his son related some of the master singer's clever pranks, he was accustomed to say,—"My son, every man has his enemies, so has Diestel. To be sure, he has been at court, and there learnt to stroke with the left hand, whilst the right draws the sword; learnt to flatter to the face, and calumniate behind the back. To be sure, he borders every piece of velvet with fur; his promises, it is true, are like a Will-o'-the-wisp, they fly away when they are closely pursued; but ungrateful he can never be, at least not towards me. Do you not remember, that when his house was burnt, and he saved only the night-cap on his head, and the shirt on his back, how I gave him house-room, clothes, and maintenance, for a whole year, and that both myself and servants assisted him to rebuild his house, and also supplied him with money for that purpose? Therefore I say he can never forget it, were he to live to the age of Methusalem."

And yet honest Veit was in an error. The indentures were stolen.

Veit's talking and acting, that seduced him into intoxication, were the means by which Diestel attained his purpose, by exciting laughter, assisted the digestion of an old rich carouser, who was constantly hipped.

Diestel hastened immediately to Hartmuth with the indentures, read them to him, and appeared not a little to pride himself in having called the count therein Curd Angler, because it was properly through these indentures he was endeavouring to hook the virgin Elsemuth.

Attich returned with the gold at the appointed time, and proper clothes were instantly procured to disguise himself and master as journeymen armourers.

A faithful servant that Attich brought back with him from Hohenaw was left at the inn, to take care of the clothes, horses, and Wolf; he also had charge of the money.

The tongue of the master singer was most powerfully armed to obtain the office of treasurer; and he would most certainly have succeeded, had not Attich too plainly read in Diestel's countenance his strong desire to get possession of the charge.

Hartmuth and Attich being instructed by Paul in handicraft salutations, departed, Hartmuth with his face discoloured, to seek for work with Veit. At Diestel's persuasion, who came in as if by chance, they were received in Goldinger's employ, and Lord Hartmuth now beheld himself in the possession of his wish, and Master Paul himself in the possession of twenty florins.

The fulfilment of human wishes is ever the seed grain, from which new wishes shoot; scarce

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had Hartmuth become the servant of Veit than he languished for an opportunity for disclosing his love to the beautiful Elsemuth, which had increased with every moment.

He beheld the virgin in such various points of view, he watched her like a spy, without her perceiving it; took cognizance of her most trifling actions, and ever found his opinion confirmed that Elsemuth's beauty was her least perfection; a noble soul animated this beautiful body, which worked good wherever it had the ability.

A ray of hope soon glimmered in Hartmuth's soul, that he was not wholly indifferent to the fair Elsemuth.

Often did she endeavour to occupy her father with other things, if he was scolding the count, who not seldom let the iron cool on the anvil without the stroke of the hammer; for he beheld with greater delight the sparks beaming from the bright eyes of Elsemuth than flying from the glowing steel.

At meals she thanked him more kindly than the rest of the servants, when he drank her health; was once, when he burnt his hand, so careful in binding it up, and grieved as the wound continually grew worse; for how could it be otherwise, as Count Hartmuth every evening tore away the bandage, that he might be the longer under the cure of his lovely doctress?

Often did the confession of his love tremble on his lips; but his timidity, or the presence of her father, ever deprived him of words.

The only opportunity for declaration was, in the hour of twilight, dedicated to tales and ghostly stories; yet even then the father never quitted the chamber; and when he went to the public-house, the count was obliged to accompany him, to tell him stories with his beer.

Through the gift of excellently relating pleasant tales, Hartmuth flattered himself into the good graces of the old man; but the storehouse of his memory was soon exhausted; he then sought for accidents and adventures in his own life; spun them a little out, and introduced into them dreams, and spiritual appearances, and which the old man received as true histories, and was so agonized if the hero of the tale came into a terrible situation, that he fell into a convulsion, which ended generally in a soft sleep.

One evening, when Hartmuth had thus agonised the old man to sleep, and the fair Elsemuth alone was listening, and with deep attention had fixed her eyes full upon the narrator, Hartmuth so completely forgot it was a real adventure of his own life he was relating, that he introduced himself and the lady speaking, and concluded with these words:

"The Lady Agatha answered to my confession of love in the following manner:—

"Noble count, did your perfections surpass those of my lover, two, yes even threefold, then should I only give you my hand, my heart would remain to my lover; the one is given by the will of parents, the other from the caprice of love. And if my heart is not yours, could my hand lead you to the paradise of a happy marriage? Therefore, pray cease your entreaties."

"Thus spoke Agatha, then left me, and I was unhappy."

Else. Poor count!

Hart. O lady, so as you do but pity me, I would sigh with pleasure the whole day long over my hopeless love.

Else. You forget, noble count, that, in the language of the plebeian maid, such significant words would be taken for flattery; that the armourer Veit Goldinger's daughter is conversing with you, and not the Lady Agatha.

Hart. Heavens, dear virgin, your pardon! I spoke without consideration.

Else. Granted, sir knight, for otherwise I should not in this way have been your confidante; a plebeian maid, unworthy——

"Elsemuth, empress of thy sex," exclaimed Hartmuth, springing up and throwing himself at her feet; "you unworthy?"

Else (softly). My lord count, reflect where you are.

Hart. Not that name, Elsemuth, or I hear it for the last time. Know, then, that longer silence will kill me; know that I am a count and a knight; I have become a journeyman armourer on your account, have thrown off my quality, to serve with you in the higher rank of love, have placed in your hand the balance in which trembles the happiness or misfortune of my life, and you remain thereto——

Veit moved and awoke.

"Now, Curd, where did we leave off? Was it not, when the knight was with Agatha in

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the arbour, her parents pressed her to give her hand to the count, was it not? He confessed to her his love. Now, what did the lady reply?"

Else. Curd has already related to me the whole story. She rejected his suit.

Hart. And the knight became frantic, and soon the swords of the Saracens ended a life, that to him without Elsemuth was purgatory and hell.

Veit. Without Agatha, Curd?

Hart. Without Agatha, I would say. The old master singer, after whom I tell the story, always concluded with these words:—Nature plants in our existence, at the same time, both a blessing and a curse: she creates—first begins the wife.

Veit. Your master singer may have been in the sight. But I say,—if the wife becomes a curse to the husband, then has the devil forged the marriage bond, and the angel of God has had no share therein. But come with me, Curd; Master Diestel is at the Stag; you shall represent the affair to him; we will have his opinion thereon.

Veit departed, and Hartmuth followed him, like a rash, sixteen-year old maiden, that the mother is conducting to a convent.

CHAPTER IX.

The fair Elsemuth's eyes followed the count, till a turn of the street hid him from her view

A crowd of new and strange sensations chased each other in the greatest disorder through her soul. She had always felt a something for Hartmuth which she had never before felt for any man.

An inexplicable feeling forced her often from her female occupations, to look after Hartmuth; she pitied him when he toiled at the anvil; a worthy curiosity drove her, little as she was addicted to that amiable failing of women, to Hartmuth's chamber, which he shared with Attich.

A story delighted her the most when told by his lips; she often wept when he described, with tenderness and passion, the sorrows of hopeless love, rejoiced when he began to relate, and became peevish when he came to a conclusion.

The respect which Diestel always exhibited towards him, which was quite contrary to his general custom with people of this condition, had already astonished her; and Attich's stolen endeavours to perform for him all laborious work, had tended to raise her suspicions. Added to which came his late explanation, his behaviour at the same time, and at last the recollection of her aunt's prophecy.

Already, early did the wish arise in her soul of knowing Hartmuth's history; ever in deep thought, and absorbed in himself was he: this awakened her interest; he sighed often, called himself unfortunate, and she pitied him, and wished she could in any way contribute to his happiness.

The seed of love, already begun to shoot in her heart, had already taken root; virgin timidity alone prevented its growth.

Hartmuth's explanation, the acknowledgment of his rank, brought the confusion of her feelings into some order. She determined to listen the same evening at his chamber door, rejected the idea, several times endeavoured to disperse it through terror, and stole with trembling steps to the chamber.

Here she heard with delight Hartmuth's assurances of eternal constant love towards her heard Attich repeatedly call his master worshipful knight, then hurried with high beating heart to her bed.

No sound sleep visited her eyelids, but in every disjointed dream she beheld the count in his knightly armour at her feet, vowing that with her rested the happiness or misery of his life.

Equally disturbed was the rest of Hartmuth. Elsemuth's words, as she related the conclusion of the story to her father, "she rejected his suit,"—he beheld wherever his eyes turned, written in flames of fire, for he conceived it to be a rejection of his love; her look at the time he thought was so full of anger, that he blessed the twilight that prevented him from observing the sparks bursting from her wrathful eyes. Had he known that the same twilight robbed him of love's confession from the loveliest of eyes, he would have loaded it with curses.

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CHAPTER X.

The following morning he proceeded to his work a victim to chagrin. Elsemuth was not to be seen; he presumed it was anger at his freedom when it was only female modesty that secluded her.

At dinner not a look fell upon him, she uttered not a word.

She gave out that she had a head-ach, to conceal the pain that gnawed at her heart.

After dinner Veit ordered his daughter and Hartmuth to go out, and Attich alone to remain with him at home. They did so, and Hartmuth, who certainly thought that Elsemuth had discovered all to her father, was in a situation nearly approaching to madness.

At their departure he took the hand of Elsemuth, and softly said with trembling voice:—"Maiden, you have discovered all to your father?"

"Not a word," she replied softly, pressing his hand.

A feverish heat overcame him, joy shook every limb, he pressed her soft white hand again.

But let us return for a few minutes to the anvil. Veit's conversation with Attich began with the question, "How old are you?"

Att. Thirty years. But wherefore do you ask the question?

Veit. Then you may soon take a wife.

Att. Had I ever wished to do so, I should long since have been a father

Veit. But—Attich—if I should wish you to be my son-in-law?

Att. Me?—Me, Master Goldinger?

Veit. Yes, you. You are a worthy, industrious man; my daughter is a virtuous, modest maid; I am old and ailing. In short, some time since, as I closed the eyes of my father-in-law, to whom God grant a joyful resurrection, he said to me, "When your daughter is of an age to take a husband, then give her one who has a good heart, is industrious and pious, but who possesses not a farthing. Then you will be certain that your maid will become a happy wife, and that your son-in-law will not smile behind his white handkerchief when he follows your bier, and other people will believe he is mortified at your departure." This I have always found true and well said; so as the case is with me, so will it be with you. Then I say, Attich, if you will have her to wife, answer uprightly and downrightly, yes.

Att. (embarrassed). Wherefore should I not? But will she in return have me? To so lovely a maiden at least twenty knights would certainly offer their hands.

Veit. Yes, I would have your knights indeed! Do you take me for a fool to have educated my daughter for a title? Do you suppose I know not what it is to bring a citizen's daughter under the spur of a knight? It would be exactly as if I should put a dove in a cage with a hawk, and expect them to love each other and be sociable together. That would be death to my poor little dove.

Att. So lovely a maiden and I, a fellow that has already represented the hobgoblin without a mask at a carnival sport?

Veit. And had you played the devil without a mask, what has that to do with this business? I already perceive you will not have her.

Att. I should wish it much, but—

Veit. Does an ague fit shake you? you ever throw a devilish but in my beard. Now out with it.

Att. I am—

Veit. A christian certainly.

Att. A bastard.

Veit. Fie! That I should never have thought of you.

Att. Nor I also of my mother.

Veit. A misbegotten son? Ahem! Ahem! Elsemuth must know nothing of this, otherwise she will not accept of you.

Att. Perhaps still less so, when she learns that I have also knightly blood.—

Veit. What? A knight's bastard.—To your work! To your work! Away! away with you!

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Att. But—

Veit. I will know no more. I say, you should not be my son if, instead of being the bastard of a knight, you were the son to an emperor. Away to the anvil.

By the arm the passionate old man led Attich to the anvil.

The joy that his lie had so well succeeded, brightened the eyes of the page, but still more disturbed was the count. The first instant he could steal away, he hurried with his boy to his chamber.

"Now, Attich, what did the old man say to you?" he demanded of the page in a tone as if he was asking after the future destiny of his soul.

"Now, what could it be?" answered Attich coldly. "The old man offered me his daughter for wife."

Hart. To you!—and, Attich?—

Att. Did what every wise man will do when he finds a treasure—kept it.

Hart. Kept it!—you?—And your tongue turns not to stone, when you murder with it the happiness of your master? The curse of God still stamps not the brand mark of ingratitude on your forehead.

Att. If you will suffer me to conclude my story—I kept the treasure, to look at it, but then I discovered it was too rich for me, and that I should thereby sell my poor soul to the devil, then—

Hart. (panting). Then—then? Attich, I suffer a horrible torment; set me free then, as I delivered you from your bonds.

Att. I refused the treasure, for it is yours.

Hart. Mine! Mine!

Att. Yours, as far as concerns the share I have obtained in it by Veit's offer of Elsemuth's hand; but what regards her heart?—

Hart. That is in the hand of God; that will she give me, then will no good fortune be wanting to me.

He now fell upon the neck of the page, kissing him with such warmth, as if he was pressing on the lips of the fair Elsemuth the grateful kiss of accepted love.

CHAPTER XI.

Hartmuth now began to be certain of his happiness, but he met with no opportunity the whole week of conversing with Elsemuth. His hopes rested on Sunday, and eagerly he wished for its arrival, for then he knew she would walk in the garden of roses * with her brother and Diestel.

He obtained Veit's leave of absence for that day, proceeded to the inn, the Golden Cross-bow, pulled off his working clothes, washed the soot from his full and blooming cheeks, dressed himself in his knightly deshabille, and hung a golden chain, the reward of his courage, about his neck, and proceeded to the lovely spot.

The hopes of meeting with the fair Elsemuth beamed from his eyes, and spread a charm over his handsome manly form, that every maiden's eye in the garden was turned upon him.

Master Paul, who was acquainted with the design, went up to the count as soon as he discovered him, made himself known to him, and introduced him to Elsemuth and her brother.

Scarce did Elsemuth cast her eyes upon him, when the rosy bloom of youth fled from her dimple cheek; she was alarmed, and knew not wherefore.

Hartmuth spoke, and the rosy bloom of youth with the blush of virgin timidity returned again with rapidity to her lovely countenance; her heart betrayed to her that this handsome man was he to whom she had given her heart when the complexion and modesty of his beautiful face was concealed by sooty black.

She ventured not to turn her eyes on him, spoke little, and devoured the words of the count.

They walked to the borders of the river under the shade of blooming chesnut trees.

Diestel entertained Erdman, and purposely turned the conversation on the preferability, mortifications, and holiness of monks. Erdman, who, like every monk, was convinced that

* A pleasant island of the Rhine opposite Worms, celebrated by ancient love poets.

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ambipes, ortolans, and pheasants would cry out, if they could only speak—"By your holy reverences would we be consumed, that we may go to heaven as part of your bodies,"—span out the thread of the discourse, and his eloquence grew so loud, that he could pay no attention to what Hartmuth said to his sister, who close together had proceeded a few paces forward.

Hart. And must I with justice fear, lovely maid, that my confession of love has offended you?

Else. Confessions of good-will can never offend; yet I know not that I ever gave you an opportunity of offending me in such a way.

Hart. May I ask, fair maid, whether you know me?

Else. Merely to be acquainted with the name of a man, my Lord Count of Heldenstein, certainly is not as yet knowing the man.

Hart. The family name of a German knight, fair Elsemuth, is a surety for the man, the duty of a knight for both. But have you then forgot that this Count of Heldenstein has already supplicated at your feet for a return of your affection?

Else. My lord count, the duty of a daughter is to have no ear for a declaration of love when her father is absent, or hears it not.

Hart. And the duty of a knight, fair Elsemuth, is, that the lover immediately seeks for the sanction of the father, after having obtained the consent of his mistress; and those of Heldenstein always perform their duty. Your father shall hear of my suit for your hand, lovely maid, before this day closes.

Else. Not so, noble count, you must not do so—(she faltered, and red blazed the glow of virgin shame on her cheek)—then all hope—(she was not able to utter another word).

Hart. But, loveliest of virgins, shall I not then wholly hear my happiness? If that glowing red that falters—if my heart with its warmest wishes dare supply the deficiency.

Else. Men dare do what they please.

Hart. Lady!

He took her hand with fervour.

Else. No precipitation, I entreat you, my lord count; every eye in the gardens is already fixed on us.

With the greatest difficulty she restrained the ardency of Hartmuth.

He walked a few steps without saying a word, his eyes fixed upon the earth. Then he stood still again, and rapidly repeated: "But, lovely virgin, am I to supply the deficiency?"

"And what would you say?" asked Elsemuth, and went forward.

Hart. Faltering I exclaimed: Pride has even wishes, but no words. Give me your hand, your heart, charming maid.

Else. Lost will be every hope of them, if you immediately discover to my father—

Hart. But you condescend to grant to me then—

Else. The mouth of a maiden is silent, when the heart consents.

Hart. Are you then mine? You mine?—and I must not repeat my happiness to all the world, must not loudly exclaim, "The jewel of the earth is mine!" Not kiss off the sweet confession from the silent interpreter of the heart? This gentle pressure of the hand, this tremour of ecstacy, alone shall say to you, you make me the happiest of mankind? No! I will speak; I must speak.

Else. The first entreaty of the wholly yours is, moderate yourself; were I to emulate you in the effusion of my joy, all would be lost.

He who cannot conceive Hartmuth's rapture at these words, must have no soul.

Hartmuth's knees trembled; his hand gently touched Elsemuth's round, silk, soft arm; he beheld only her. He was dumb, yet wished to speak; word-niggardly, yet his heart was full to overflowing.

He stammered something to himself, and the stream of his joy flowed more gently; and now would he have spoken, forgetful of all about him, when Diestel reminded him it was time to return.

Like a sleep-walker, that is suddenly awakened, he stammered a few words without meaning, followed tottering after his lovely enchantress to the boat, that carried them over the Rhine.

The full moon's brilliant orb rose majestic on the cloudless heavens, and edged the soft

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waves of the Rhine with burnished gold. Through the soft ripple of the oars, the light splashing of the waves against the boat, the nightingale chanted her amorous, love-devoted song.

So lovely was the exhausted day in its repose, that it awakened in every heart the sensations of joy and satisfaction.

Even Diestel felt its influence. Fixed he sat, and followed with blinking eyes the course of the small waves that broke against the boat.

Erdman forgot cloister discipline, thorny girdles, and the whip.

On Elsemuth's countenance, reddened with the light of the moon, tears of joy trembled.

Hartmuth alone felt not the charms of this lovely evening. His senses were so blunted with the excess of delight, that he enjoyed and hoped for. Had the heavens suddenly been blackened, and the tempest broke loose from rocky prisons and shook its rainy pinions, had the brilliant lunar ball been covered with stormy clouds,—no, neither thunder nor hurricane would have aroused him from the sweet confusion of his ideas.

The boat arrived on the opposite shore, the twilight had grown darker by degrees.

Erdman and Diestel stepped first on land.

The count remained alone with Elsemuth in the boat; he rapidly threw himself on her bosom, pressed the first kiss of successful love on her trembling lips, and flew with precipitation to his lodgings.

CHAPTER XII.

Now had Hartmuth the love of a lovely maiden and the avarice of a crafty head on his side, soon also the ambition of a proud monk, a union that was not easily to be defeated by the caprice of an old man.

Erdman was soon the friend of Hartmuth. His haughty vision beheld only the honour; he loved his sister merely as a spring to set somewhat in motion, by which he might obtain honours, greatness, and consequence amongst men, and procure important grants to his convent.

"Only on you," said Lord Hartmuth, "hangs the happiness of my life, its repose and satisfaction; only by your intercession can Veit be moved to give me the fair Elsemuth to wife."

This so tickled the pride of the monk, that he exerted all his influence with the old man to obtain his consent. Diestel also for this once acted honestly. Veit consented, and the wedding day was fixed.

Three days was the count obliged still to steal about before the wished for day arrived.

On one of these intermediate days, as Hartmuth and his lovely mistress were seated on the lovely banks of the Rhine, he thus addressed the fair enchantress of his soul.

Hart. But wherefore never the confident thou, from the rosy mouth of my bride—wherefore ever those tearful eyes? Tears of joy they are not, my beloved Elsemuth; they rapidly gush out: tears of grief drop slowly, like those that now fall down my charmer's cheek. What is it that still afflicts you?

Else. My Hartmuth, look on yon proud castle, that threatening gleams in the evening sun, and throws its stately shadow over the neighbouring meadows; ah, behind those walls is housed a monster, called the pride of ancestry.

Hart. But no such dread being finds shelter behind the walls of Hohenaw, my Elsemuth.

Else. And yet, my love, I fear it. If you have banished it even to the castle deserts, yet will it dreadfully from thence raise its voice, and outroar the soft lisp of love—will terrify and kill your poor humble Elsemuth.

Hart. Chace away such thoughts, beloved of my heart.

Else. What will her tender caresses of love avail, when knightly prejudice will shut you out from the tournament lists?

Hart. Elsemuth, I from henceforward abandon my rank.

Else. No, that you shall not. You are indebted to your country in your arm and courage, to your children in your noble condition, for to you fate gave it; and you cannot deprive yourself of what justly belongs to them? But what do you owe to me?

Hart. All for I obtain all through your affection.

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Else. Then take all that I have, with this kiss—my Hartmuth. If you are only contented, I am happy.

Hart. The sick man hovering on the brink of the grave, cannot be more satisfied, when his physician says to him, "You will live, you are well." The noble youth cannot be more satisfied, when at his first combat in the tournament he obtains the prize. So satisfied am I now, that I believe myself free from the common failing of humanity, that after the attainment of long desired wishes, still longs for others. But you?

Else. When I say to thee, that the warmest wish that swells every female bosom, the wish of governing, to be preferred before others of her sex, is fulfilled, that I now do not envy the proud Ida of Anglaw.

Hart. Ida of Anglaw! Do you know that haughty fair one, my Elsemuth?

Else. My dear count, behold my weakness; I willingly confess it to you, for you are a partial judge. At the tournament celebrated before the last, as a spectatress I saw the heiress of Anglaw dance. Every knight desired her hand, every one pressed to her, as if it was a happiness to stand in her atmosphere; the most adored of women was she. She possessed everything in abundance; yet she received me proudly, looked on me with contempt, as she swam through the crowd, and shared out looks and smiles, as a judge at a tournament the prizes. She dropt her girdle; I took it up and humbly presented it to her, and many knights fixed their eyes on me; Ida looked down upon me, smiled scornfully, and without waiting to return thanks, snatched away the girdle. How that mortified me—how I envied her! Now I am her equal! But, dearest knight, what is the matter with you? Your arms now fall lifeless, that shortly before so firmly embraced me. Why turn you then away your countenance?

Hart. To—to adjust my ruff—you had completely turned it round.

Else. What necessity have you now to adorn yourself? Are you not certain of my affection? have you not my promise? Do you also know the proud fair one of Anglaw?

Hart. I am acquainted with her.

Else. Noble knight, your ruff will turn round again. Let me look in your face, let me learn how embarrassment is expressed on a knight's countenance. Am I not worthy to see your face?

Hart. Worthy?

Else. Certainly the eyes of the proud Ida of Anglaw are a more lovely mirror for a knight than the eyes of a plebeian maid.

Hart. Kind Elsemuth, I entreat you—

Else. Ah—does that sigh really come from your heart? Am I still in the way, my old rival?

Hart. Who has betrayed this to you?

Else. It is your embarrassment that betrays it to me. But ah, woe to me! a jest of love has discovered the sad truth, that Hartmuth's heart is divided, and mistrust informs me the smallest half is mine.

Hart. Elsemuth, I will speak, that silence may not be my accuser. Ida loves me; her uncle pressed me to marry her; I have rejected her.

Else. Knight, if you should make me unfortunate, sacrifice me to the derision of that haughty maid, I should drown myself in my tears. So warmly as I love! wherefore must I now confess it! Ah, how weak is woman when she loves!

Hart. My angel, you agonize both yourself and me without reason. My disguise is a surety to you of my upright love; it has already made me the derision of my brotherhood in arms; that I regard not, for through it you are mine. My children will not be allowed to break a lance with the German knightly youths in sport; but for that I care not, for you will bear them to me—and should I resign prerogative for a maiden I do not truly love?

Here Elsemuth's sweet kisses locked the mouth of the count; soon she warned him to return, for the evening was dark and cloudy, and they hurried back to the town.

CHAPTER XIII.

The wedding day arrived; it resembled the day of human life, changeable the weather; showers of rain varied with sparkling sunbeams; soon the fury of the tempest turned the sultry heat

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to chilly coldness, soon black and towering clouds robbed the inhabitants of the earth of the solar rays; yet was the day to the count a continual serene spring morning, for on him smiled the sun of love from Elsemuth's eyes.

Veit, Erdman, Diestel, and Attich accompanied the bride and bridegroom to church.

A storm overtook them on the way, mixed with heavy rain and hail.

Veit conceived this to be but a bad omen; yet Hartmuth and his daughter regarded it not; they knew that true love could procure the sunny rays of spring amidst the horrors of nature. But as Elsemuth entered the church, scalding tears fell from her eyes.

Hartmuth took them for tears of joy; tears of dread were they, lest her fate might resemble that of a late companion, who threw herself into the arms of a knight, and soon after the blessing of the priest was killed by his coldness.

At the porch of the church stood her monument; she was represented thereon with folded hands, and in her arms the boy at whose birth she died. The statue appeared to weep, and tears gushed from Elsemuth's eyes.

She tottered to the altar.

Hartmuth's "yes" was firm and joyful.

Elsemuth spoke it with a trembling voice.

The blessing of the priest promised them a marriage rich in the joys of love, as that of Adam and Eve's before the fall; rich in children, as Jair's marriage, the judge of Israel.

Hartmuth smiled his approbation.

Elsemuth's tears were a prayer to heaven for the fulfilment of these blessings.

Hartmuth was already happy, Elsemuth prayed for happiness.

A banquet filled up the dav till the evening closed; the sprightly dance detained the guests till midnight.

As the morning glimmered, Hartmuth led his beloved to the bridal chamber. The young breaking day, the first of a new life to them, gave to the blissful pair the marriage present with which no stoic is acquainted, and no lover betrays.

VOLUME II.—CHAPTER I.

The first sun-beam had no sooner dimmed the faint light of the morning star, than the flourish of trumpets and roll of kettle-drums awakened the young married pair, and roused old Veit from the joyful carousal he still enjoyed with his friends in Rhinewine and Hamburg beer. He ran to the door, and was astonished to see a crowd of knights and pages there, the first dressed in brilliant glittering armour, the last all in one livery.

A page took off from a high loaded mule an ivory turned, highly ornamented cradle, with rich embroidered hangings, and carried it into Veit's house; the old man now fancied his imagination embraced the future, and painted, as now arrived, that which had been traced by the spirit of wine and marriage jollity.

The loud clangour and roll of the trumpets and kettle-drums, united with the voices of the knights and pages, crying,—

"Long life to Hartmuth, Count of Heldenstein, and his young and lovely bride!"

Fully convinced him he was in a dream. He seated himself on the stone seat before the door, pressed his cap over his eyes, to dream out so pleasant a dream; when a knight stepped up to him, and begged him to conduct him to the Count of Heldenstein.

"To the Count of Heldenstein?" asked Veit, rubbing his eyes, and shoving the cap from his forehead. "I tell you, you here seek him in vain."

Knight. Are you not Veit Goldinger, the armourer?

Veit. That am I, sir knight; if you have any work to bespeak of me, your parade was unnecessary.

Knight. If you are Veit Goldinger, then shall we also here find the Count of Heldenstein.

Veit. You are at liberty to seek him but—

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Hartmuth in astonishment rushed out of his chamber.

"Here is, here is," cried all the knights, "long life to our valiant liege lord, Count Hartmuth of Heldenstein, and his young and lovely bride."

Hartmuth's winks and shakes with eyes and hands were in vain. The jubilee cry, accompanied with huzzas, kettle-drums, and trumpets, was of long duration.

All the knights dismounted and thronged round Hartmuth, one after the other pressed his hand, wished him joy, and so rich a marriage blessing, that it might soon oblige them to present him with a new cradle.

Veit stood at the door, as deprived of his senses, stretched open his eyes, and now again believed he was in a dream, or that wicked spirits were carrying on their May games with him; but Diestel reeled out of the drinking-room, and repeated his congratulation, according to the master singer's form, to the count, and to Veit as father-in-law.

"Then I do not dream?" shouted Veit, throwing his cap upon the floor. "Not wicked spirits, but wicked men, are playing their pranks with a poor old mortal! You are a count, Curd."

Hart. Yes, father.

Veit. Good luck to you, my lord count!—you are not my son.

Hart. But the priest has given us his blessing.

Veit. The blessing of the priest becomes a curse when stolen by a knave. The priest was a rogue, or your page was one. You and all your race are capable of anything—can administer poison in the sacrament. Fie upon you, fie upon you, you brood of men! Must I even now slip this snake in the bosom of my only daughter, to kill her when it is there become warm? You should not be my son, should it bring me to my inheritance in heaven. Fie upon you, so to outwit me, an old man! Murder upon you, to scandalize my good name—to seduce my maiden! You shall be separated, should I be obliged to turn my back on house and land. If she will not consent, then will I declare her mother an adultress, who had to do with knights! Heavenly father, is this living to have joy in one's children? I should have been far happier had she died in her sleep. Holloa, neighbours, friends, servants! help me to drive this knightly pack out of my house.

Master Paul. But, dearest neighbour—

Veit. And were you acquainted with the knavery, neighbour?

Master Paul. Certainly, certainly! I was the aider, the confidant.

Veit. You were! Then your death shall quit the obligation.

He flew upon the master singer, threw him upon the earth, and dashed his head against the pavement; had not the furious old man been forcibly restrained, the art of the surgeon would have been in vain exerted to cure Diestel's head.

Attich held the old man, and endeavoured to appease him.

"Ah, Attich!" cried Veit, stammering, "had I only given Elsemuth to you,—you are still but a knight's bastard. Count, out of my house, or I will drive you out with blows from my hammer. What you have enjoyed, may the devil bless you with! Never shall you again look on Elsemuth's countenance. Separated shall you be, let me be caricatured with infamy, and my honest name written on the gallows and wheel."

Hart. Father, do but listen to me.

Veit. I will be no count's father.

Hart. But yet the father of an honest man.

Veit. Can I be so if you are my son? Robber! murderer!

Lord Hartmuth was enraged; he seized the sword of a knight who stood by his side, and cried:—

"Goldinger, would you make your daughter fatherless?"

Veit. Ah—right! that is the mode of your laws and customs; first you rob, and when the plundered demand their goods again, he feels your sword at his throat, and all his evidence is overthrown.

Hart. I pardon the insults of your fury, father.

Veit. I desire not your forgiveness! Courtly language! You behave as if I had injured you; then generously forgive me! The devil learns manners from you; he seduces into hell, also thereby to torment the damned!—Elsemuth, Elsemuth! write me immediately the divorce bill, or I will pound your tricking brains to dust (to the master singer).

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Att. Halt, master, you have already blown out all his power for writing.

Veit. Divorce!

Hart. No divorce. I must remain your son and Elsemuth's husband. Divide us, then will you separate from my name its good report; take from me my life. Before that, adieu to knighthood and dignity.

Veit. A pretty courtly trick!

Hart. By my word of knighthood.

Veit. That I respect as much as the blow of the hammer that crushes me under foot. Children, fools, and love-mad maidens, may take the money for good! Nail together the boards of my maid's coffin! No, by no means.

Hart. But, father, if she should bring me a son?

Veit. Then should she bring me a grandson, but no son for you. The sword and the art of combat should he learn, therewith to cleave your head; then would we all go into a cloister. Oh, my poor maiden! Oh, mother! mother! If you but see and hear this, then will heaven be too narrow for you! To the emperor will I go; if he will not hang a maiden-robber, then will his crown oppress him in his sleep, that—

The Knights. No, no, you shall not; the marriage is good; you cannot now separate them.

Veit. Ha! you will also respect the oath, will you, count?

"I will," replied Hartmuth. "Come, father, come."—He took his hand, and would have gone out of the door with him. The knights held him back.

"You shall not," they cried all.

"I will," said Hartmuth.

He tore a sword from the side of a knight.

"Let me go, or I will convince you, for the last time, that a sword wielded by my arm will make its way through the strongest armour."

Murmuring, the knights made way for him.

"Stop!" cried Veit, and drew Hartmuth back. "I say, a man that so loves his wife as to sacrifice all for her, must be an honest man, were he a king or an emperor. Remain where you are, I will then be your father, my Elsemuth shall be your wife; and if you still love her as you do now, when I die, then shall my first prayer to the throne of God be,—Lord, grant them the happiness to live to see that joy in their children that I have lived to see in them."

He opened his arms; Hartmuth rushed into them; manly embraces were exchanged; knights and pages shouted for joy.

Listening, trembling with terror, had Elsemuth awaited the issue on the staircase. The knights discovered her, handed her down, and presented her with the cradle amidst the flourish of trumpets and the roll of drums. The crowd of variable feelings robbed her of the recollection of her situation.

"Now," said Veit, when he had sobered himself, "this day shall be a new festival; you knights shall all be my guests."

Hartmuth and his wife were led into the chamber in triumph.

The violin and the flute, the drum and the trumpet, roused gaiety in every heart.

Many bumpers were emptied to the happiness of the present and the future. Sprightly gladness blessed them all.

Master Paul alone, the author of the feast, could take no part therein. He had discovered to an inquisitive courtier Hartmuth's name and condition, from whom the count's liegemen were made acquainted with every circumstance. Veit's fury had so ungently thrown him on the pavement, that all feared his shook and battered brains could never be so replaced and healed as to enable him to make another rhyme.

CHAPTER II.

The fame of Hartmuth's marriage soon sounded to Anglaw.

Ida became a fiend at this news. Proud, as were ever traced in any female bosom, were the haughty lineaments of her fancy, and she had only loved the count, through him to become a countess. Rest and convenience, even riches and beauty, would she have sacri-

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ficed to her pride; and now to see herself baffled, a plebeian substituted in her place; this was so revolting to her, that she swore to take the most dreadful revenge on the count and his wife, and from this moment to cease to be a woman.

"You see, uncle," she exclaimed to Lord Gottfried as she met him returning from the chase, "you see what confidence is to be placed in your boasted knowledge of mankind, you see what it is to take the features of the countenance for the interpreters of the heart."

"What has made you so eloquent to-day, niece?" asked Gottfried coldly.

"Can also open, large blue eyes, that seldom rapidly turn about, express anything but faithful love and constancy? Has the proud eagle's nose ever adorned the countenance of a man who has broken his word? No, never!"

Gott. To what purpose is all this? Is perhaps the intendant of Lauchen, with his crooked nose, become a knave?

Ida. Never can a man with a deep, firm ever steady voice, tell a lie. Delightful! Excellent

Gottfried turned quickly round and said:

"I will return instantly to the Lauchner forest; the howling of wolves, the roaring of bears, would I sooner hear than the reproaches of women."

"But you shall remain," screamed Ida, drawing Gottfried back, "to revenge the honour of our family."

Gott. Who has injured it?

Ida. The noble Count of Heldenstein, with the straightforward-looking, open, blue eyes, with the ever steady voice, with the eagle's nose, the——

Gott. Niece, if you continue a few moments longer so loud and violent, I shall be deaf.

Ida. This honourable man now makes a citizen's daughter of Worms a countess.

Gott. What?

Ida. A plebeian maid will be the Countess of Heldenstein, instead of Ida of Anglaw!

Gott. Will be, or is already?

Ida. Is already.

Gott. Then so must she remain.

Ida. Then so must she remain! Lump of ice!

Gott. What is already done, I cannot cause to be undone.

Ida. That certainly cannot the man who is valiant only against wolves and bears, that is milk and water against men.

Gott. Niece, I will return to the chase till you are more cool.

Ida. That you shall not! Revenge shall you vow to me against Hartmuth and his plebeian. Has he not given me his word of knighthood, did he not give me his hand upon it, that I should be his wife?

Gott. He did.

Ida. Has he not publicly at Worms declared himself my lover, worn my colour, dressed himself and his arms with my laces and ribbons?

Gott. Even so.

Ida. Has he not dishonoured me, even our whole race, by deserting me?

Gott. Alas!

Ida. Is not my good fame committed if you are silent?—No answer?—Then I will shriek into your ears, that you are a knight!—that it is your duty to suffer no stain in our blood.

Gott. Niece, first must this arm be lamed before I suffer a stain in our blood. I will publicly accuse the count before all Germany as a forfeiter of his word.

Ida. Ha! There again I acknowledge an Anglawer.

Gott. I wish you acknowledged him in resignation, yet my purpose will remain immoveable: the combat for life and death shall decide between me and Hartmuth. But this I observe to you, one of us falls for our house, not for you, Ida.

He departed again to the chase.

Ida. Well and good, if Hartmuth but falls, and the plebeian maid grieves herself to death on his bier.

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CHAPTER III.

At Worms joy was at its summit, especially when Elsemuth discovered to her father, that it was the count who had torn him from the ill-usage of the guard at the tournament.

Difficult only was it to persuade the old man to lay down his trade and live with the count.

"What!" said he, "will your vassals say to it? Shall I drink out of the same mug with thee? And I say, with every man with whom I have intercourse I must, as formerly, drink out of the same mug before I can say a word to him, or speak to any purpose."

Hartmuth's reply that every one of his vassals would honour him as the father of their liege lord, determined him not; but brother Erdman was better acquainted with his father's weak side, and persuaded him thereto.

Veit resigned the smithy to one of his servants, yet with the proviso he should be again master of all as soon as he thought proper to return to it. Immediately after they all departed for the castle of Hohenaw. Scarce had Ida become acquainted with their arrival, than she tormented her uncle anew to take revenge on Hartmuth.

Gottfried did what as a knight he was obliged to do; he proceeded to the camp of the Emperor Otto the Fourth, and complained to him against Hartmuth, as a breaker of his word; for that he, without the smallest reason, except his love-folly for a low-born maid, had dishonoured a lady of the ancient race of Anglaw, had not kept his promised word to her, and abandoned her to the doubtful sentence of a misjudging world.

The emperor ordered the count to appear at court on a certain day, to answer the accusation brought against him.

The count, it is true, unwillingly separated even for a single day from his beloved bride; but honour called him; the preservation of his good fame demanded it, and he would have attended its summons to the very end of the earth.

He had suspected that this accusation would come from Ida, and his subterfuge was, that not he, but Gottfried, had given the promise; Gottfried had laid his hand in Ida's hand; that this promise was constrained, and that man was not obliged to fulfil a forced vow.

On both sides was justice, on both injustice. In our times this would have occasioned a lawsuit for years; but in those days, when even this question of justice, "If the children of a son, who died before his father, could inherit with his father's brothers," was decided by the sword, if the victory was on the side of the combatants appointed for the children, the law ordained that these children should afterwards have a share in the heritage of the grandfather.

In those times the judges' sentence was in every doubtful case—"God must himself decide in the tribunal of the sword."

This was what Ida wished and Hartmuth dreaded. Not that he was convinced that justice lay not on his side, and that God would not give the victory to his arm, but that he should be obliged to draw his sword against Gottfried, against his friend and brother in arms, by whose side he had fought in so many victories. But honour commanded the contest, it is true, with the opposition of his good heart; this only he entreated and obtained of the emperor, that the combat should take place the next day, that fame might not have an opportunity of carrying a false account to Hohenaw before he could contradict it by his presence.

CHAPTER IV.

The day broke.

The camp fortress was on a plain, bordered and surrounded with a trellis. On an elevated spot stood the throne of the emperor; near it the seat of the judge of the combat. Before this seat was fixed an upright lance, on which hung a sword and shield, and by which lay a willow wand. The assessors of the tribunal of the sword were seated around on low benches. Two superintendents guarded the entrance of the trellis with crossed lances. Not far from them stood a bier, to denote it concerned a combat of life and death.

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Hartmuth and Gottfried, both completely armed, now returned from mass. Before they were allowed to enter the trellis, an attendant examined their arms of knighthood, and searched their clothes, to discover whether they had concealed any magic herbs; and the judge of the combat began to address his assessors.

"You old experienced heroes of the combat, instruct me how I am to hold and maintain a just and true tribunal of the sword, after the manner of our forefathers and ancient usage."

The oldest Assessor. According to the manners of our forefathers and ancient usage, shall you open a free tribunal of the sword, with banns, safe conduct, and peaceful consolation.

Judge. Peace I beg from the people; to the victor I promise a safe conduct on his return to his home; to the defeated an honourable burial. The tribunal of the sword is now opened. Attendant, say, are both combatants free knights, of equal birth, and armorial fellowship?

Attend. I declare in this free and public tribunal of the sword, in the face of God and the emperor, that both combatants were evidently born true knights, and to these arms of dignity. If any one knows to the contrary, let him now speak, or afterwards hold his peace.

Judge. Superintendents, open the lists.

The superintendents opened the lists, and the combatants entered; their pages bore after them their swords and hurlibats.

Judge. Herald, do your office.

Herald (*to Count Hartmuth*). In the name of God and the emperor, and in the manner and usage of the tribunal of the sword, say on, who you are, why you here appear in this armed attire, against whom do you come, and wherein your difference subsists. Answer truly on your knightly oath and knightly honour, and then heaven guard you and your valour.—Speak, speak, speak!

Hart. Hartmuth of Heldenstein is my name; knight, count, and banner lord am I; and an eschevined and free man. Against Gottfried of Anglaw I appear with sword and hurlibat, to maintain that he is an infamous liar, who has vilely calumniated me, by saying I have broken my word to his niece Ida of Anglaw, when it was not I, but himself, that gave it to her. So truly as my cause is just, protect me heaven.

In equally loud-sounding words the herald then addressed Lord Gottfried of Anglaw, who also replied:—

"Gottfried of Anglaw am I named, knight, banner lord, and an eschevined free man; against Hartmuth of Heldenstein I am come, with sword and hurlibat to prove that he has broken his faith to my niece, and has thereby sullied her good name; that he was silent when I spoke his consent; that he drew not back his hand when I laid it in the hand of Ida; that he silently gave his word of knighthood, which he has so ignobly, and unlike a knight, broken. As truly as my cause is just, aid me God and my arm."

Herald. Knight Hartmuth, Count of Heldenstein, Knight Gottfried of Anglaw, can you swear a heavy and deadly oath, that you have neither made use of enchanted herbs, sentences, charms, forms of conjuration, and amulets; neither signs of exorcising, concealed or apparent, nor will make use of them, without craft or hazard than human understanding may invent? So lay your fore-fingers on the cross of this sword, and swear, swear, swear!

"We swear!" they said both, and laid their fore-fingers on the sword, which the superintendent held out to them.

Judge. Place the coffin in the middle of the enclosure, and give to the combatants equal sun, light, and air.

It was done.

Judge. Combatants, take your swords.

And they took their swords from the pages.

Judge. You old, experienced heroes of the combat, inform me whether this is a just tribunal of combat maintained and holden after the manner of our forefathers and ancient usage. To record which let the most ancient throw his gauntlet on the ground.

Between the combatants the most ancient threw his gauntlet on the ground. The herald nodded, and the trumpeters thrice sounded their trumpets.

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Herald! Silence! Ho! In the name of God and the emperor, I command silence in words and works! Let no one interrupt the combatants.

Judge. Superintendent, take up the willow wand, and strike thrice on the lance. At the third stroke let the summoned Heldenstein give the first blow. God give the victory to him who has the right.

"God give the victory to him who has the right," re-echoed the surrounding multitude and the superintendent gave the first stroke with the willow wand on the lance. A death-like silence reigned around, broken only by the loud breathing of the people. He struck the second time, and the crowd pressing still closer to the trellis, stood on tiptoe to see over each other's heads. Now the third time; and, as a stroke from a flash of lightning, Hartmuth's sword dashed over Gottfried's helmet down the right arm, that the neck-piece broke, and the arm was wounded. Gottfried gave way about the breadth of a foot, and aimed a blow at Hartmuth's head, which the latter intercepted with his shield, made a side-spring, and hit the Anglawer under the left arm with his sword, so that the joint crushed, and blood streamed down his armour.

"It is enough!" cried Hartmuth.

The people shouted, for the young knight was more esteemed by them than the old one. But Ida lamented and wept aloud.

Lord Hartmuth committed a fault, and before he could cover himself again with his shield, Gottfried's sword fell with such force on the left side of his breast, that a deep cleft appeared in the breast-plate, and the pure blood gushed out.

This excited Hartmuth's wrath; he raised his sword on high, and thrust it half way up in Gottfried's neck joint, between the left shoulder and the helmet cape.

Gottfried fell.

The people shouted Hartmuth's victory, and the judge acknowledged his innocence.

Ida rushed from her seat, tore her hair, and with bitter imprecations forced away Hartmuth, who was unfastening Gottfried's helmet, and pressed a kiss of deep despair on Gottfried's pale lips.

"I forgive you!" he said softly, and died.

His pages laid his pale corpse on the bier; others drew away Ida, who, deprived of all recollection, kissed her uncle's dead hand, and conducted her to the inn.

Hartmuth stood fixed with astonishment; he glanced with scorn on the judge when he declared him innocent, and, amidst the triumphant shouts of the multitude, he groaned a curse on his fate. Attich consoled him as well as it was in his power, and persuaded him to return even the same day to Hohenaw.

CHAPTER V.

The report of the combat between Gottfried and Hartmuth had arrived at Hohenaw before them so chequered and changed, as it generally is when it is one day old.

"Gottfried had fallen under the sword of Hartmuth," so was the story whispered from ear to ear: and "that Hartmuth had been assassinated on his way home." This tale rolled from mouth to mouth, and increased like the snow-ball that rolls from the mountain top, till it becomes a lavine, and overwhelms herds and houses.

Thus it came to the ears of the commandant of the castle of Hohenaw, with also the report that Ida had assembled a troop of two hundred horsemen, who were marching against the castle; some would have it that they had already seen the glitter of pikes on the other side of the river.

The commandant of the castle now made preparations for defence; but the busy old man let some words escape in the presence of Elsemuth about the death of the count. She started—shuddered like a traveller who in the darkness of midnight, wandering in a strange insecure path, feels himself suddenly held fast by a strong arm; he cannot cry for help, did he even know it was only a few paces distant.

She went to her father, who was seated at his dinner; he shook the last drop of wine from a pitcher into his cup, and said fixed and coldly:—

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"There!"

Elsemuth would have spoken, when a loud outcry announced—

"Attich brings the dead body of his master, and is already before the castle."

Veit rose slowly, seized his daughter's hand, and went with her to the window. They spoke not a word: both stood stunned, fixed their eyes on the castle gates, like a man whose house bursts into flames, when he knows all assistance is in vain, who now with fallen arms and dry eyes looks on the vivid fire, made so indifferent by the fright, that he may be merely taken for an inquisitive spectator. The castle gates opened, and Wolf sprang in with joyous bark and high cross capersings. Then arose the joyous shouts of the servants:—

"He lives! he lives!"

And now Elsemuth beheld her husband enter the gates, riding by the side of Attich. The rapid transition from agony to joy pressed her to the earth; she fell lifeless into the arms of Veit.

More easily and rapidly is strength and recollection recovered, when robbed from us by joy, than by the excess of misfortune. Before the count entered the chamber Elsemuth revived, and ran with open arms to meet her husband, firmly locked him in the bonds of love, as if she would enchain anew a beloved wanderer, recalled through her kisses the smile back again to his countenance, that care and dark forebodings had before folded in gloomy wrinkles, and wept in his arms the tears of beneficent joy.

"Then God has given you to us again," began Veit, and he pressed Hartmuth's hand—"You that we supposed dead, whose death would have dragged us all to the grave; and no murder stains your conscience."

"Murder!" screamed Hartmuth, and turned his face from his wife's bosom on Veit. "No assassination, father, stains my conscience."

Veit. Yet still murder?

Hart. Not murder; arbitrement through the judgment of God in the tribunal of the sword; victory to them who have the right. Till now, Elsemuth, you were only mine by the blessing of the priest: in the Tribunal of Blood God said, "I lod you to Elsemuth."

Veit. And the possession of Elsemuth has cost the life of a man! Count, still once more: what has taken place in the Tribunal of Blood?

Hart. There fell Gottfried of Anglaw; vilely calumniated had he me, as if I had broken my word of knighthood to his niece.

"Murder!" stammered Veit, trembling with horror; then raised his eyes to heaven, as if he would say, "I am innocent of this blood!"

He immediately hastened to his chamber, afterwards to Attich, made him saddle a horse, and rode towards Worms. Before he set off, he said, "Tell your knight, Veit Goldinger goes again to his anvil; dry bread gained by the sweat of his brow delights him more than your dainties, so besprinkled with human blood."

Elsemuth even shuddered when she learnt that she had been the innocent cause that Gottfried had bled to death at the tribunal of the sword; but much easier was it to the count to convince his wife of the lawfulness of such a legal murder than old Veit.

In Worms the old man related the dreadful tale to all his acquaintance, warned them never to give their daughters to a knight, who must murder his bosom friend, if the one spoke but a false word, or the other did not rightly understand him. Soon he sent his horse back but, he himself was not to be moved to inhabit again the castle of the knight.

CHAPTER VI.

Hartmuth's wound healed; the wound in his conscience festered still.

The affection of his wife, her restless endeavours to accomplish all for which she read the most secret wish in his soul, tournaments that he gave to his vassals, soon lulled to sleep the thoughts on Gottfried's death,—on Ida's revenge.

Ida, after the death of her uncle, lived in her castle like a female anchorite. But Hartmuth's conscience dozed, never wholly slept. The day that he looked forward to with such desire, the day that Elsemuth was to bring him the pledge of her chaste embraces—when he was to become a father arrived—and Elsemuth bore a dead son.

This tore open the wound made by Gottfried's death; loud roared his conscience "This

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is the punishment of heaven; without children must you remain, for you slew your friend; childless must die the murderer of his friend; no one shall close his eyes, no one cry over his tomb, 'He died for us too soon!'"

Gloomy, lost in thought and peevish he became; the chase that he formerly followed but seldom, now occupied him the whole day long. He killed not the beasts, he slowly tortured them; the more blood that flowed, the more lacerated beasts lay around him, the better pleased was he. When with the night he returned to his castle, and his wife was terrified at the blood-besprinkled woodman, and withdrew from his embraces, he laughed in derision, and made Attich relate which bear had the longest struggle with death, whose throat had the most horribly rattled.

Ever dearer became to him Wolf, who now never moved from his master's side in the chase, and ventured on the most furious wild beasts.

Often had Elsemuth sufficient power over him to detain him at home from the chase; but then she was obliged to make use of all her soft female prattle and caresses to calm him; and yet this serenity disappeared, like the shooting of a star. Asked she him:—"What was the matter, whether she had offended him?" He ever answered her:—"You are an angel, but, I—" and he immediately rushed from her, threw himself on his horse, and flew to the woods. Seldom now then Elsemuth asked him, for this ever drove him from her arms.

Diestel's farces had sometimes soothed him; but the latter's base and dishonourable conduct soon after the death of Gottfried, had barred the castle gates against him. Hartmuth promised him a yearly pension; this was to him like a leprous pilgrim arrived at the leper house.

Oftener now than before Hartmuth gave tilts and tournaments, they diverted him the longest.

At one of these games, at which a strange knight was present, was it that Hartmuth's wound became the more dangerous.

Against the count he ran so unfortunately, that the latter was obliged to let go the bridle and strike his hands together over his helmet; the count looked up at him.

Over the plume that waved on his helmet rose prominent a lion, with a falcon in his bloody paws, formerly the helmet crest of Gottfried of Anglaw. This sight brought Gottfried's fate again with such animation to the count's recollection, that he forgot all around him, and at the second ride he was so ungently goaded by the stranger's black horse, that every one feared for his life.

"Who are you?" he was still able to say with a trembling voice.

"Gottfried of Anglaw," replied the stranger, turned round his horse, and rode away with the greatest speed.

The count was shaken to the very soul; he suspected it was Gottfried's ghost risen up against him, when Attich immediately asserted that the stranger had galloped on the path towards Anglaw, and had not yet come out from the rocky cleft on the other side of the castle.

And Attich was right; the stranger was a present suitor to Ida, that in the tournament prepared himself for the serious combat with Hartmuth, and there to discover his weakest defence.

But the count conceived Attich's assertion invented, and from this day he became still more dejected, and even harsh towards Elsemuth.

For, as he one day returned home from the chase, and his wife would not embrace him before he had taken off his blood-besprinkled clothes, he exclaimed to her,—"Do you still then look on me as when the blood of the Anglawer discoloured my armour?"

But scarce had he uttered them than he repented of these words, threw himself at the feet of Elsemuth, and swore he would never come in her sight again till she forgave and forgot, or only wept a tear at his barbarity.

Often would he sit for whole hours holding his wife firmly and wildly upon his knee, till at last tears would drop from Elsemuth's eyes, then he began:—"One of those tears could extinguish the flames of hell, and yet they are but oil to the fire that burns within me! Wife! sweet wife! I have made you unhappy, have torn thee from the contented calm, the violet humility—and now cannot I for once return thee smile for smile."

Else. Say not so, my lord and husband; I swear to bear with thee both joy and sorrow,

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and would willingly take from thee the burthen that oppresses thee, would you but open to me your heart.

Hart. And rob me of the only consolation dear to me! Seek not further; know then, that I still ever find in your love a happiness in my destiny.

Else. And yet you restrain me from showing you the duty of a wife. Not only a black fantasy saddens your days, but even your sleep has been for some time the sleep of a person in a fever. The last night, my Hartmuth, you dreadfully alarmed me. I had thrown my arm round your neck, your head rested on my bosom, my kisses had lulled you into a sweet sleep; suddenly you started, even before slumber had dried the tears from my eyes, tore my arm from your neck, raised me up with your strong right hand: "Impotent Gottfried!" you exclaimed dreadfully, "behold you can do nothing!"

Hart. I mentioned not that name!—How could I mention it?

Else. You did mention it; flung away my arm so violently, that arm that so tenderly pressed thee to the heart of the most faithful of wives.

Hart. O wife, wife! had I not slain the Anglawer, what would have been wanting to my happiness?

Else. You said he fell justly, said that over the Tribunal of Blood waves the hand of God, that no blow of the sword mortally wounds the innocent.

Hart. Who threw me lately from my horse? Ah, the Anglawer's spirit! Still a Bloody Tribunal stands before me.

Else. Dreamer! Never yet did a spirit appear by day in knightly armour. On Ida is the guilt of blood, she persuaded her uncle to the combat.

Hart. He forgave her—why forgave he not me?

Else. He had nothing to forgive you; did you not fight for your honour as a knight?

Hart. Why forgave he not me? When will your brother pay us a visit?

Else. I expect him daily.

Hart. All have now deserted me!

Else. All?

Hart. I deserve your reproof: wife, come to my lips. Thy caresses, thy sweet kisses, are the balsam that alone secures my heart from the gangrene.

Thus it went on daily.

Elsemuth was able by her kisses to banish the evil spirit from the count, but no sooner was he alone than his thoughts returned to the Anglawers.

Scarce did he fall asleep when the picture of the Bloody Tribunal appeared to him in a dream. Gottfried for ever rose up after the last blow, and the combat began anew; till Ida rushed in between them, tore off her veil and threw it upon the ground; the count got entangled in it with his spurs and fell, and a loud shout of laughter disturbed him from his sleep.

Scarce closed he his eyes again, when the dream haunted him anew.

CHAPTER VII.

Some days passed away, the count's qualms of conscience became more agonizing; he could not remain alone, for then Gottfried's spirit appeared in various forms to his misfortune-brooding imagination.

At last brother Erdman arrived at Hohenaw to take leave of his sister and brother-in-law.

An inordinate passion for greatness and fame misled the proud monk to become the instigator and companion in bold enterprizes, so as to give posterity a remarkable and dreadful example of the blind obedience of the human race to the will of the priesthood.

Pope Innocent the Third was preaching new crusades, though a hundred and thirty years before the flower of the Christian warriors had been sacrificed in the western land to the swords of the Saracens, to hunger and the plague; this terrified those that remained, and but few now took up the cross.

From France and Germany there assembled fifty thousand children; priests had filled them with the mad conceit that God would make use of their feeble infancy to deliver the holy sepulchre out of the hands of the unbelievers.

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And in this meritorious action of leading so many innocents to death brother Erdman had also a share; he, with many other monks, was a leader of this bloody sacrifice to bigotry.

Naturally then did he advise his brother, who sought for diversion of mind, and desired to find it in willing penance, to go with him to Palestine; naturally then did Hartmuth follow the advice, as Erdman said to him,—

"For a hundred murders would he find absolution, if he became the protector of these minors on their march."

The count armed himself, and most of his vassals resolved to accompany him.

To the intendant of the cloister of St George, which stood at the foot of Hohenaw, he gave the guardianship of his estates; should he not return, then were they, after the decease of Elsemuth, to fall to the convent.

The entreaties and prayers of his wife to detain him from this march, were spoken to the wind.

"God wills it," was ever his answer. "Shall I, continually tortured by conscience, pant through life under the burthen of my sins, and embitter every joy both to thee and me? Better this short, willing banishment, than to carry this ever bleeding countenance by your side, and to hope for peace only in the grave."

Elsemuth was now for the second time delivered of a dead boy; this drove Hartmuth's madness to the height. Sat he by her side, his gloomy imagination told him he had brought a curse upon her, and then he enraged his fury in the woods.

A short time before his resolution of marching to Palestine, a wounded bear that an arrow, instead of transpiercing the heart, had only hit on the thigh, tore him from his horse. The valour of Wolf saved his master's life; furiously he flew, and tore away the paws of the bear, which had already clawed hold of Hartmuth's throat. Attich thrust his short sword into the head of the furious beast.

Grievously wounded, Hartmuth returned to his castle. Frantic with terror was Elsemuth at first, but she afterwards proved to him, in the tedious cure of his wound, what a gift God bestows on man when he gives him a good wife.

Day and night was she by his couch; did he sleep, she watched; when he awoke, she comforted him.

The army of the young martyrs now proceeded on the march, led by superstition, without Hartmuth, as fate would have it, towards Palestine.

Their wish, their pass-word, "May the Redeemer display his cross to us!" they found soon fulfilled.

Hunger and fatigue destroyed most of the children on the mountains of Switzerland, the remainder suffered oppressive servitude. With them died their seducers, unworthy of death in the company of such innocents, the most dreadful sacrifice that ever bled on the altar of superstition.

CHAPTER VIII.

With a sensation, mixed with fear and hope, from joy and sadness, Elsemuth looked forward to the recovery of her beloved husband.

Still he remained firm in his resolution to march to Palestine; in the height of his fever he spoke for ever of it, heard Gottfried say to him he should be appeased when he had by this march atoned for his sins. This fever became so domesticated in his soul that no power could drive it out.

As he recovered, the day of his departure was fixed, his vassals were sent forward to wait for him on his way. Attich alone was to accompany him. Yet the nearer the day of his journey approached, the more melancholy was the count: secretly he wished to be freed from this march, and to be able to appease the spirit of Gottfried in any other way.

The ideas, such as he had never before thought, trembled through his soul; it is true they disappeared even as rapidly as the vapour that rises from the earth, and is chased away by the warm beams of the sun, but yet they left the seeds of others behind.

Often, when the count reclined on Elsemuth's bosom, her tears glided down his fair locks,

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and he with the warmest kisses called her his most faithful wife, the words hovered on his lips—"But still you are a woman!"

One day he asked his consort, as he was wandering with her in a grove,—"Elsemuth, what is it that resembles this slender birch that gives way to every puff of wind?"

"Man's firmness," answered Elsemuth. He replied: "Woman's love!"

She found not that in the answer which Hartmuth meant by the words; but the sense was plain enough to her, as the count on another day gave orders to two noble youths, who as pages were by him instructed in knightly exercises, to return home to their fathers' castles, "for that from henceforth few knightly exercises would be practised at Hohenaw."

The day of departure arrived. Elsemuth was in danger of weeping herself blind; for a long time the tearful moisture dried not in her eyes. Innumerable were the farewell kisses and pressures of the hand, the hastenings away and returnings, the charges and admonitions, words of consolation and promises, the sighs and prayers.

A hard struggle in the heart of the count, every passion in arms against the other. Jealousy at last gained the victory.

Attich was commanded to bring Wolf to him; it was done. "You know, my Elsemuth,"—so spoke the count, often interrupted with sobs and sighs—"you know, my Elsemuth, how dear this dog is to me, who has twice saved my life; this dog I confide to your care, and"—he hesitated—"notwithstanding that female fidelity is harder to guard than this beast, yet will I still believe that you have preserved your faith to me, if I find this dog again at my return. And now farewell till then; Gottfried's spirit drives me from you."

He pressed another kiss on Elsemuth's cold lips; fainting he left her in the arms of her attendant, mounted his horse, and galloped away with Attich.

CHAPTER IX.

Ida had ever since the death of Gottfried maintained spies amongst the domestics of Hartmuth, who reported to her all that passed at Hohenaw.

Scarce was she made acquainted with the count's departure, when she also learnt that he would only believe his wife's fidelity unblemished, found he the dog again at his return: she raised the foundation of her revenge on this whim, which the count let drop in the feverish heat of his soul's sickness.

The life of the countess she could not injure; the fortress of Hohenaw was guarded by fifty tried domestics, all well known to the count by their valour and fidelity; art must she here employ against force.

Ida's spies at Hohenaw received an order to steal Wolf, but every art was in vain to decoy the Countess of Heldenstein from the castle without attendants. It was the same as robbing a bear of her young before her own eyes; it was to be expected from virtuous Elsemuth, that she would use every exertion to obey even the caprices of her beloved husband; most certain that she had confided the guardianship of the dog to two tried, old, and experienced servants; but age and experience against priestly deceit and female art were lost.

One of Ida's spies was Peter, a young monk from the cloister of St Corbinian, whose lucky planet had led him to Anglaw soon after Gottfried was slain, and whom, disguised as a servant, she sent to Hohenaw, there to play the eavesdropper.

Peter had for some time observed the old servants, Benno and Killian, Wolf's guardians, and discovered, that besides a warm affection for gold which they possessed in common with all old men, Benno had a strong bias; for, when other men could see nothing, from the interior disposition of the eyes he could see.

By day he beheld only Wolf, but by night he saw ghosts. The other servants laughed at him, but Peter for ever strengthened him in his conceit that there were spirits; and that children born on a Sunday or on a Good Friday could see them, for from this old saw alone had Benno obtained the faculty of seeing spirits.

Killian's hobby-horse was not ghosts, but he possessed the whole inheritance of his father, a medal, rubbed against a certain piece of silver, for which, and nine-and-twenty others, Judas sold his good reputation with his master. By this rubbing it had attained the power, that the

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man who carried this medal in a bag, would be forsaken by no beast whose back he had once stroked therewith.

The possession of this medal had qualified old Killian, above all others, to be the guardian of Wolf: had it been only a common piece of white money, the man must believe it had the power to help him to an office obtained by gold. But it was no golden money; and it for ever remains inexplicable whence gold attains the power to make its possessor qualified for every office.

Its power, it is true, Killian had never tried, but he most firmly believed therein, for it had been inherited from father to son for many years, and such a belief at all times makes its possessor happy. Peter conducted himself as if he knew nothing of this property, yet he endeavoured for some time to get possession of the medal, and now for ever followed the old Killian, as a fish does the bait.

Killian wondered greatly at Peter's continual adherence to him, but the latter assured him a secret desire drove him within his atmosphere, and that he followed him even against his will.

This conduct made a deep impression. Bewitched could neither Peter nor Killian be, for both made a cross; Peter gave out he did so, Killian did it really, on the most trifling action, prayed a paternoster, and called on their protecting saint.

At last Killian asked if Peter had not perhaps once held the old medal in his hand; this was immediately affirmed, and now was its wonderful power in chaining both men and beasts to its possessor made as certain as if it had been bewitched.

One evening Benno beheld from his chamber on a watch tower, beneath an old pile of stones without the castle gates, a faint light glimmering; Killian saw it not, for his eyes were older; also Peter saw it not, for he would not see it, yet had one of his colleagues there placed the light.

On the second, third, and fourth evening, Benno beheld it again; Killian now discovered something glimmering. At last, on the fifth, sixth, and seventh evening, a small blue flame rose out of the earth; this was also discerned by Peter and Killian.

This, according to Peter's interpretation, was a certain sign that a treasure lay there buried.

Violently beat the two old men's hearts after the possession of this treasure.

"It would be of great service to us!" sighed Benno.

Peter. Of service as long as our spark of life burns, and then could we afterwards lie peaceably in the earth.

Benno. And before to do so much good!

Peter. Enjoy costly dainties.

Killian. Inspect and count the golden pence.

Benno. Hang them together, and then wear them round the neck, instead of a gold chain.

Killian. Folly! I would not carry my treasure round my neck, were even the thieves crafty enough to filch it from my house.

Benno. Fool! would you then leave your servants at home when you went out a-walking?

Killian. Servants? Burthen myself with sluggards? I would guard what was mine alone; not even once keep a dog; bark would I so dreadfully in the night time, that the thieves should suppose the most furious beast guarded my property.

Benno. You old curmudgeon! I would carry my share of the treasure in my belly and on my body.

Killian. I would staple mine down.

Benno. I would gormandize, and gloriously enjoy life as long as a farthing chinked in the bag.

Killian. And then beg before my door when your half was devoured. 'Go further, Benno,' would I say; 'Killian bestows not a mite on the prodigal.'

Benno. Then would I burn the house over your head, and roast you with the golden pence.

Killian. Away with you, you old drunkard.

Peter. Fools, you have not yet got the treasure.

Killian. Alas, no!

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Peter. Raise it I could, did I know how the goblin is to be exorcised that guards it; yet the hermit in Leuchen forest must know—to him will I go.

"Do so! do so!" cried the old men, and Peter immediately departed.

But instead of going to the anchorite, he hastened to Anglaw, made the lady acquainted with the good success of his trick, and requested her to send some servants about midnight to the neighbourhood of the blasted oak, to secure Wolf.

To the two treasure hunters he brought back this account:—"That to raise up the treasure, it required no more than the presence of a living creature that did good, but on whom man could charge no weight of sin, and yet it went not to heaven; that might be excommunicated, yet remain safe amongst men; and if it even had done a good deed, yet it must live on bread and water."

This was a riddle to the old men, their understandings could not find the key; at last Peter advanced the idea, if perhaps Wolf was not meant thereby; good could he do, yet the irrational beast could not be charged with sin; yet even as little was heaven open to him for all the good he might do; excommunicated he might be as a dog, yet no one would do him harm; his master's preserver had he been twice, and yet his food was bread and water.

This the monkish rogue knew how to make all so clear to the old men, that they forget all these doubts; and the following night they stole, through a subterraneous passage known only to themselves, to the oak.

Before they set off, Killian's medal was several times rubbed on Wolf's back; and now were they certain, that if even an evil spirit was to singe the cord that held the dog, yet he could not run away from them.

When they arrived at the oak, Ida's servants rushed out, clapped pitch plasters over the faces of the old men, and led away Wolf to Anglaw: they prevented his barking by throwing him pieces of sopped bread.

Ida's joy was without all bounds. Peter received as a reward the place of castle steward, and Benno and Killian ended their days in a subterraneous cavern, with good diet. There could Benno admirably exercise his powers of seeing in the dark, for not a ray of light fell into the cellar; but still the more unpleasant was the situation to Killian, for now he could make no experiments with his miraculous medal.

CHAPTER X.

The loss of Wolf dismayed all the inhabitants of Hohenaw. Elsemuth, who feared she had lost the talisman that bound her to Hartmuth's affection, made use of every exertion to find him again.

At the foot of the hill, crowned by the fortress of Hohenaw, where, according to the custom of those days, four roads crossed each other, she ordered a tent to be pitched, firmly resolved to beg the boon of every knight that passed by, that they would seek for Wolf, for she durst not suffer her servants to quit her, without being exposed to Ida's revenge.

By her confessor, whose brother formerly alone possessed the art of painting, but who believed that this daughter of heaven was solely ordained to copy sacred trifles and religious relics, she caused the portrait of Wolf to be painted, and this picture to be hung on the tent.

Ida was soon made acquainted with this; and now was her horrible plan of revenge completed, which till now was not perfectly formed.

Afterwards she also learnt that Count Hartmuth lay five days' journey beyond Worms, wounded by a fall from his horse, and that he was not yet in a condition to pursue his journey.

With the hope that the passing-by knights would willingly attend to the prayer of a beautiful woman, and which they were commanded to by their duty as knights, Elsemuth proceeded to the tent.

On the first day no knight made his appearance on the road.

On the second, about sun-rise, she espied a knight in silver armour, powdered with golden flames; his helmet crest was a naked arm with a golden dagger; the device in his shield, a

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bleeding heart, transpierced by an arrow, with the motto: "Bleeding, but not dead!" Attentively he examined the tent, when Elsemuth appeared before him, surrounded by her guards and attendants, and thus addressed him:—

"Pardon, noble lord and knight, if I arrest your speed. Knights listen ever willingly to the supplications of the afflicted, are not deaf to prayers of a sorrowing woman; their arms as willingly draw the sword for them as for freedom and their country. But blood I desire not of you, not a blow from a club in the tribunal of the sword, not the breaking of a lance. But, because my entreaty may be insignificant to the man who has grown bearded or grey in sword combats and tournaments, I request of you, before I make known to you my solicitation, your word that you will grant it."

"What is neither against God nor my duty," replied the knight, "is promised to you, fair lady."

Else. Look on this picture; you behold Wolf's portrait. The original of this copy was twice my lord and husband's preserver when his life was in danger; therefore he loved him as a man loves a friend. On his march for Palestine he confided to my care this dog: my happiness depends on his finding him again on his return; and away he is gone, run away or stolen. That you will be careful to get possession of him, that you will learn where he is kept confined, and discover it to me,—this is my prayer.

You will know him amongst a hundred; this picture is as like him as the white riband that surrounds his fawn-coloured neck: equally shared on each side his belly run down three yellow and three black stripes; fawn-coloured the one half his feet, the other white; with this white star on his forehead, you will find no other beast so marked. You start, knight, and are silent; are angry with me perhaps, that I require so insignificant or degrading a thing from a knight.

But, sir knight, I may take for certain that you love a noble maid, or already embrace an amiable wife; then you are certainly acquainted with female weakness and female ideas, know how dearly the lover's or husband's pledge of love concerns the virgin or the wife: think on her tears, her grief, when she is deprived of it. By your beloved mistress, by your faithful consort, assist me, and take as a remembrance of your promise this scarf from the wife of Hartmuth Count of Heldenstein."

The knight took the rich scarf, fastened it round his left arm, and said,—

"Noble lady, word and hand to you, that I fulfil your prayer."

He gave his hand to Elsemuth, asked the name of the dog, then rode on.

Three days Elsemuth still tarried in the tent: every knight that came that way she stopped with this supplication; each received from her a token to remember their vow.

CHAPTER XI.

IDA's spies had brought her a faithful report. Hartmuth really lay five days' journey distant from Worms, in consequence of a severe fall on entering the inn of a small town.

He had already remained there two days, and on the fourth he thought of continuing his journey. On the evening of the third day there arrived at the same inn the knight with the bleeding heart, and another who bore a tiger as his device on his shield, and resolved there to rest one day.

Hartmuth was rejoiced at this, that the eternal sameness might be somewhat broken; Attich, still more at a circumstance that withheld his lord's complaints.

When the strangers had unarmed themselves, the count thought he knew the "knight of the bleeding heart;" yet neither he nor Attich recollected where they had seen him.

His handsome noble countenance, on which pride appeared depicted in the most of its features, was browned by the heat of the sun; and his fallen cheeks, and still red scars, evinced he was no stranger to grief, sorrow, and danger.

The tiger knight was an aged man, of a sprightly heart; he spoke much and willingly. After supper he took his harp, and entertained them with many a lively song.

Hart. (to the tiger knight.) You are of a gay and lively disposition, knight.

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Tiger Knight. Should the vine-covered hills of the Rhine be swallowed up by an earthquake, then should I be melancholy, but not now. Without wine earth would be hell.

Hart. And without women——?

Tiger Knight. It would be a heaven. You relish not that thesis, knight: perhaps you have at home a cooing turtle, and whom you already fear may betray you; if you but think on this idea, then I, an old warrior, may be in the right. To every day comes evening, one excepted; and have you not till this day quitted the side of your wife? Then is it with you great joy in heaven.

Hart. Make me a sharer in your experience: women men never perfectly know, as the proverb says——

Tiger Knight. And says wrong, for I have learnt them thoroughly. Then listen; and if you find truth in my story, then drown her in a full bumper of Rhenish wine; for nowhere does truth dawn more feebly than amongst women.

Fifty years am I old, and I lately took it into my head to get married. A madder thought certainly could not have laid hold of me; but it fell upon me, and I went on with it, notwithstanding all that experience said against it; but I could no longer break my young horse under my spur, as in my thirtieth year. I soon found a young and lovely wife; a woman whose virtues our love poets ever compared with the simplicity of the dove, the innocence of the lamb, with the mildness of spring, and to snow-white purity. Two years I passed with her under the married yoke, and during the time gained the experience, that doves are even crafty, and that lambs are not always innocent; that the weather in spring is sometimes rough, and snow sometimes dirty.

Now to become acquainted in what esteem, after this experience, I should hold my wife's virtue, I went to an old hermit, of whom went the report, that he and destiny played under the same roof, and that he knew before what the other of Adam's sons knew only in the sequel. I observed to him my apprehensions that my wife might not as respect age as I wished. Instead of answering, he gave me a root from the shrub called matrimony; I was to let her take it steeped in her sleeping draught, and was I what I so unwillingly wished to be, I should become changed to a cuckoo.

What man is there that puts not implicit confidence in priests and hermits? What will man not do to be convinced of his own shame? I hurried back to my castle, and my wife embraced me as closely as now this doublet embraces my body, asked the reason of my journey; but I was secret thereon. This made her more curious; she pressed me, and stroked my rough whiskers with her mossy soft hand, kissed my wrinkled lips, my scarred cheeks, knew how so artfully to mingle tears with smiles that I (laugh at me, you that were never persuaded by a wife's tears, a wife's kisses) blabbed out the purpose of my journey, and the anchorite's counsel. At first reproaches were natural; but soon my wife laughed at the hermit and his simplicity, and I laughed with her. She herself steeped the root, shook it in a cup, showed me all was fair, and with smiles and caresses she drank it off. In the arms of my wanton wife I soon reeled to our chaste marriage-bed, and slept little that night. Early my good spouse got up, and left me in the reviving embraces of a morning slumber, and in few hours returned again to awaken me: scarce had she opened the bed curtains, when a large cuckoo fluttered against her; but her good husband was nowhere to be found. Now I learnt what a faithful wife I was in possession of. She flew about the chamber, tore her hair, beat her bosom, and for ever called for her beloved husband. With sighs so hot, that she might have warmed the coldest steel, she exclaimed,—

"Oh, my dearest lord and husband, must I lose you on account of the little false steps? Wherefore did I not withstand Father Deogratias, wherefore not the Italian Knight?"

> "O innocence, thou lovely pearl!
> Oh, what a dear treasure thou art!"

"The hermit was then a wise man," cried I, and crept from under the bed—"I will immediately go to him, and procure the root of matrimony for my brothers in arms"—and there is an end of the story.

Knight with the Bleeding Heart. It is possible it so happened to you; but very wrong of you, that by her standard you measure all other women.

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Hart. True, knight. I will throw my gauntlet to them that deny that your wife was a foreigner.

Tiger Knight. Well and good.

Knight with the Bleeding Heart. Our German women are a pattern of good manners and modesty; suspicion even makes them tremble: an example we met with on our road.

Tiger Knight. Yes, the one about the dog.

Hart. How? What?

Tiger Knight. That made use of you, to seek the living talisman.

Hart. How was the dog called?

Tiger Knight. Would you trouble yourself about him?

Knight with the Bleeding Heart. I even vowed it to her, and she presented me with her scarf, as a remembrance of my promise.

Hart. Her scarf to you?—What was the dog's name?

Knight with the Bleeding Heart. Wolf, if I err not.

Hart. Knight, your wife was a German!—Of what breed was the dog?

Knight with the Bleeding Heart. A greyhound, striped with yellow and black, a white riband round the neck, a white heart on the forehead: he had twice saved his master's life.

Hart. Ha! ha! Had he?—Do you know the name of the woman?

Knight with the Bleeding Heart. She called herself the wife of the Count of Heldenstein.

Hart. It is she! It is she!

Tiger Knight. What is the matter with you, knight?

Hart. Yes, your wife was a German! War to them that doubt it!

Tiger Knight. She was a Von Raubach.

Knight with the Bleeding Heart. You appear to take an interest in the story of the Countess of Heldenstein.

Hart. Well may I take an interest therein; she is the wife to my brother in arms. When her lord and husband marched for Palestine, he left behind with her this dog.

Knight with the Bleeding Heart. So she related to us, and even what the count then said: "Should he find the dog in his return, he would believe he should also find something again which is more difficult to guard than a tame domestic animal."

Tiger Knight. The half-jesting smile thereat became her well.

Hart. She smiled thereat?

Tiger Knight. Laughed.

Hart. Laughed or smiled, it is sufficient: she is——

Tiger Knight. A woman!

Knight with the Bleeding Heart. For that reason, not in that sense in which you take the word. Without her guilt she might lose the dog,

Tiger Knight. Certainly; but also with her fore-knowledge.

Hart. No, knight! What advantage could she gain by that?

Knight with the Bleeding Heart. The only advantage perhaps; that she now had a right to fix a tent on the road, and to season her solitude by the sight of valiant knights.

Tiger Knight. Or to get rid of her guards by sending them out to look for the dog.

Knight with the Bleeding Heart. Or to have herself an excuse for roving about the country.

Tiger Knight. Or——

Hart. Or!—or!—every one of your or s becomes a letter from the name of my brother in arms engraved on the pillory.

Knight with the Bleeding Heart. The dog might have been stolen from her.

Hart. That makes me even tremble for my comrade in battle. To suffer that to be stolen that was not well watched by her. Must not that be stolen, whose guards are passions that ever become traitors to us?

Tiger Knight. It was certainly a very strange whim of your brother in arms to confide to his wife what was so valuable to him.

Hart. What is more valuable to an honest man than the purity of his lineage; and what left he behind in the hands of his wife? was it not a beast?

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Knight with the Bleeding Heart. Believe me, knight, it is of consequence to her to preserve both for your brother in arms: she therefore purchased my assistance by this valuable scarf, that now so magnificently decorates my arm.

Hart. That scarf! (to himself.) I gave it to her on her last birth-day! now she gives it to a lover with whom she made an acquaintance on the public road.

Tiger Knight. What would she not give to you, if you returned back, and brought with you Wolf!

Hart. Nothing shall she give to you; that shall be my care. Good night, noble knights. in the morning we shall see each other again.

He was conducted to his chamber by Attich.

"The spark hangs over tinder!" said Ida, for she was the knight with the bleeding heart, to the tiger knight, with whom she had concerted the parts they were to play: what he said, Ida said through him.

Tiger Knight. Soon will the flame blaze up.

Ida. You swept up the fire from a distance by your satirical conversation against us women, and I poured oil upon the flame by my light words: "Elsemuth had promised me her favour if I returned with Wolf in the morning; I will show him Wolf; he must then agree with us."

Tiger Knight. That will soon break through the dam of love in Hartmuth's heart.

Ida. So I wish it: then the flood of jealousy will carry everything away with it that obstructs its course. Good night, sir knight! if our plan is carried through, then I promise you my kiss in your arms—good night!

CHAPTER XI.

Hartmuth mourned through the night.

By the side of his couch stood Gottfried and Elsemuth; their bleeding forms appeared in every dream.

"Elsemuth is innocent!" cried the count several times aloud; and at every time Gottfried's ghost cried, as he supposed,—

Guilty!

The servants of Ida lay at another inn, and with them was Wolf; before the twilight of the morning he was brought to Ida, without its being observed by Attich.

Scarce had the day broke when Ida sent for the count into the drinking chamber; "many important things had she to "say to him."

Hartmuth came.

"Knight," so Ida began, "you behold before you a favourite child of fortune. Through an accident is the favour of the lovely Heldenstein mine: she promised it to me, should I return with Wolf, and this morning has Wolf run into my hands."

Before Hartmuth could breathe from his astonishment, the tiger knight led the dog into the chamber. Hartmuth looked at the dog with horror; Wolf yelped with joy, and sprung upon his master.

Hartmuth exclaimed:

"Her favour she promised to you?"

Ida. She promised it to me.

Hart. Knight, she is my comrade's wife—is my wife. I am Hartmuth of Heldenstein.

Ida. You?

Hart. I! and if you are an upright knight, then do what I desire of you.

Ida. What do you desire?

Hart. Your armour, your horse, your armed attire.

But, knight——

Hart. If you are an honest man, then make no objections.

Tiger Knight. Reflect that your wife is the daughter of Eve.

Ida. Count Hartmuth, my armour is yours, could I but only give you with it my coolness.

Hart. I am cool enough for—yet! To horse!—Your armour!

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Ida's page brought it; Hartmuth put it on.

Scarce was an hour flown away, when they were already mounted, and on the way towards Hohenaw.

Hartmuth spoke little on the way, took but seldom refreshment; yet were his eyes for ever riveted on Elsemuth's scarf which he now wore on his arm.

At last they beheld the towers of Hohenaw. It was morning; the convent bell was ringing for the first time. The sound penetrated through the heart of Hartmuth; with inward rage he murmured to himself,—"Wife, it tolls you to the grave."

As they approached the castle, Ida's page was sent to say to the countess:—"The knight with the bleeding heart had halted before the chain, and had brought her joyful news."

Elsemuth sent back word, she would receive the knight before the castle; and now, so would Lord Hartmuth have it, Ida, the tiger knight, and Attich concealed themselves behind a thicket.

The draw-bridge was let down, the portcullis raised; and Elsemuth came out of the castle, surrounded by twenty servants.

Scarce had she observed the well-known armour, recognised Wolf, than she flew with open arms to Hartmuth, and cried aloud joyfully,—"Welcome, a thousand times, noble knight, to your everlasting debtor!"

"Welcome hell, adulteress!" cried Hartmuth, grinning horribly, gnashing his teeth; and he stabbed, as she embraced his knees, his sword through her heart—she fell at his feet.

The servants rushed on Hartmuth with drawn weapons, when he threw up his beaver, and roared out,—"Back! I have condemned her!"

Ida now rode up, wiped with a wet sponge the brown tint, scars, and furrows from her countenance, and looked full on the count.

"Do you know this face, perjured wretch?" she screamed.

Hartmuth looked at her.

"Ida!" he stammered.

Ida. She whom you deserted for a plebeian maid, and who has now revenged herself. Know your wife was innocent.

She suddenly turned her horse, and as smoke in a tempest, vanished from the eyes of the whole crowd, with her tiger knight.

Mute stood all the spectators, and without motion.

"Innocent!" groaned Hartmuth, rushed on Elsemuth, drew the sword from her bosom, to bury it in his own heart: with trembling hand Elsemuth seized it, threw it away from her, and gently said,—"I am innocent! you are innocent!" and died.

Hartmuth looked for the sword; Attich hid it away: the count then threw himself on the earth, beat his head against the stones, and ever moaned,—"She was innocent! she was innocent!"

The servants now roused from their stupor; they laid hold of their lord, bound him with a girth leather, that he might do himself no harm, and carried him into the castle.

Attich never quitted him, but to attend to the funeral of the pious martyr Elsemuth: still before the frenzy of Hartmuth was over, she was laid in her quiet tomb.

Veit was made acquainted with the unfortunate end of his daughter, and soon followed her.

Ida gave her hand to the tiger knight, and with it gave her liberty and happiness. He loved not the revengeful fiend; she became his bedfellow, not his wife.

Three years lived Hartmuth after the murder of his wife in dull despair; soon it rose to insanity: only for three days during the whole time was he in possession of his reason; then he entreated he might be laid by the side of his wife, near to him his Wolf, their grave to be covered with a monument on which should be placed the image of Wolf, with an inscription that might relate to posterity his unfortunate story. That his ashes might rest in the sacred vaults of the cloister of St George, he bequeathed the half of his estates to the abbot, the remainder to the honest Attich. In the most horrible raving madness he died. With him his race was extinct.

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The abbot punctually fulfilled the last will of Hartmuth. He rested in the sacred vault of the cloister. His grave was covered with a stone, on which was the image of Wolf, and this inscription:

STOP, TRAVELLER!

WEEP, IF YOU HAVE TEARS;

IF NOT,

PASS ON, AND CURSE NOT THESE ASHES.

HERE RESTS IN GOD,

IN THE EXPECTATION OF A JOYFUL RESURRECTION,

HARTMUTH COUNT OF HELDENSTEIN,

THE LAST OF HIS RACE,

BY

HIS SIDE

HIS FAITHFUL WIFE,

ELSEMUTH GOLDINGER.

AT

HIS FEET

HIS TRUSTY DOG

WOLF,

WHO TWICE SAVED HIS MASTER'S LIFE,

THAT HE

MIGHT BECOME

THE MURDERER OF HIS GOOD WIFE.

PASS ON,

TRAVELLER!

PRAY TO HIS HEAVENLY FATHER FOR

HIS POOR SOUL;

AND PRAY TO GOD

THAT YOU MAY NOT BECOME LIKE

HIM.

THE END.

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